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454 BAKER (T.) Tunbridge Walks; or, the
1860. Yeoman of Kent, a Comedy. 4to. *boards*,
2s. 6d. J. R. Smith, No. 42. 1703

This is an entertaining and well conducted play and contains a great deal of true character and pointed satire. The character of Laidem is said to be a portrait of the author's own former character, whose understanding having at length pointed out to him the folly he had so long been guilty of, he reformed it altogether in his subsequent behaviour and wrote this character — Baker's Biog. Dram.

Tunbridge-Walks:

OR, THE

Yeoman of Kent.

Tunbridge-Walks:

OR, THE

Yeoman of Kent:

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

By Her Majesty's Servants.

By the Authour of the *Humour o' the Age.*

——Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? Horat.

LONDON:
Printed for **Bernard Lintott,** at the *Middle Temple-Gate, Fleetstreet.* MDCCIII.

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PUBLIC LIBRARY
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To the Right Honourable

John How, Esq; &c.

SIR,

I Must own, that 'tis more the Result of Affection than Opinion, makes me so Solicitous to continue the Reputation of this Comedy, by putting it under the Protection of a Patron, whose Character can alone be both it's Honour, and Defence.

I was soon determin'd there to Offer it, where I cou'd at once Satisfie my Ambition, Secure my Hopes, and Pay the Gratitude which I Owe as an *Eng-*

liſhman; for 'tis from the happy Scene of our Affairs, that any can think, or be Diverted with that Eaſe the Town was pleaſed to ſhew at the Repreſentation of this Play;- the Succeſs of which I truly Aſcribe more to the Juſtneſs of the Action, and Favour of the Audience, than either Turn of Plot, or Correctneſs of Style. I am ſenſible it may want Support, therefore I preſume to Inſcribe your Great Name in the Front, which will not only Defend, but Perpetuate it; for no Age will ever forget, how Brave an Aſſertor of *England*'s Intereſt and Liberty you have been; Neglected your own Eaſe by a conſtant Attendance in Parliament, Oppos'd all the Grievances that often Incroach'd upon the People, and rather Choſe to be Diſtinguiſh'd than Dignify'd.

'Twas you, *SIR*, That kept alive the Warlike Genius of the Nation, and

was

was the chiefeſt Advocate of her Braveſt Sons, againſt Starving and Oppreſſion: 'Twas from your Care and Humanity in Procuring the Support of Half-Pay, that thoſe Gentlemen, who are now not only Defending *England*, but Saving *Europe*, Sunk not under the Miſery of Want, and the Envy of thoſe who hated ſuch Inimitable Courage; but how agreeable a Theme muſt it be to Contemplate the Happy Change; Such a Soveraign, So Glorious a Cauſe, and our Rewards ſo Honourably and Juſtly Secur'd, What may we not Hope from *Engliſh* Valour ſo Encourag'd, when we have ſeen ſuch Inſtances of it's Force in ſpight of all Depreſſions?

From the Succeſſes of the laſt Campaign, may we not juſtly Expect, That in After-Times, the Annals of this Seventeenth Century will begin with the Fame

the

the Fifteenth Concluded; and when Parallels ſhall be Drawn of the Two Glorious Female Reigns, tho' *Eliza* was Numerous in her Councils, *Anna* is Greater in her Few. That I Live under the Eaſie Happy Influences of this preſent Miniſtry, of which You are a Principal Part, is my Satisfaction; but that you will Accept this Proof of my Eſteem, will be my Laſting Honour, in giving me Opportunity to tell Ages to come, that I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble,

moſt Devoted,

and moſt Obedient Servant.

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF
TUNBRIGDE-WALKS.

By C. W. *Esq;*

'TIS hard to please, in such a Carping Age,
When Criticks with such Spleen, Invest the Stage;
But suddain Death's the Fate of Modern Plays,
For few we see, are Born to Length of Days;
And yet the *Searchers* say, 'Tis rarely seen
Amongst the Dead, that any fell by Spleen;
Many they find, were by the Poets slain,
The dull Pretenders, in a Scribling Vein,
Set up for Comedy, with little Wit,
Borrow a Plot, and when the Play is Writ,
They leave it Starveing in an empty Pit.
Your better Care, has caus'd a better Fate,
Your *Yeoman*'s Life, is of a longer Date.
It shews us Humour, and an easie Plot,
(Which in the Plays deceas'd, was oft forgot)
No Smutty Jests, but Wit without Offence,
(For with Ill-Manners, Wit grows Impudence.)
You're not to Blame, if Envious Fools will find
Scandal, and Lewdness, which were n'er design'd:
Your Play Instructs us too; That we beware,
That Riches are not made, our only Care,
Since Wit and Breeding, serve to gain the Fair.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE Yeoman of *KENT*.

PErmit my Friendſhip, my Defects I know,
Nor can my Senſe give your's the Praiſes due;
Yet when both Tongues and Pens advance your Name,
Can a Friend Offer nothing to your Fame?
The Stage her Skill and Gratitude has ſhown;
But from the Cloſet Springs the True Renown.
Applauſe is Vain, which Action only gives,
'Tis by the Reading Part a good Play lives:
Grimace, or *Comick Tone*, may flaſh the Ear,
Solid Wit only will Inſpection bear——
The Preſs Eſtabliſhes the Poet's Character.
With how much Spirit, Strength and Skill you Write,
Such eaſie Language, ſuch Command of Wit;
With ſo much Sweetneſs every Speech abounds,
The Humour Heals, where e're the Satyr Wounds.
From whence can all this Wit and Fancy flow?
From Nature—— What cou'd your green Studies know,
Some Toil whole Ages for what's Born with you.
No Time, Records, ſince Poetry began,
So Ripe a *Genius* in ſo Young a Man.
Apollo, both Surpriz'd and Pleaſed, looks down;
Go on, ſays he, The Bays thy Temples Crown,
My Youngeſt, my Renown'd, my Fav'rite Son.

CHARLES VAUGHAN.

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
Humour of the AGE;
On his Play Call'd,
TUNBRIDGE-WALKS.

By an unknown Hand.

THen we may hope there will agen appear,
Humour and Wit on th' *Engliſh* Theatre,
Unborrow'd from the *French:* For to our Shame,
Our Comedy of late from *Gallia* came:
Our Heroes learnt from theirs the Art of fighting,
Our Poets too have mimick'd theirs in writing;
And by Tranſlation ſtrove to build their Fame,
Barren of Mother-Wit, and of Invention Lame.
But you, Auſpicious Youth, have now begun
To make old *Engliſh* Wit in *Engliſh* Channels run.
You think it needleſs over Sea to roam,
In ſearch of Knaves and Fools, with whom we're
ſtock'd at home.
Let ſuch alone feel your Poetick-Rage,
And as you ſcourge the Vices of the Age,
Retrieve the drooping Honour of the Stage.

TO THE

AUTHOR

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Pinkethman.*

YOU dreadful Sons of War, who hither come,
To fright fair Maids in Masks, and Storm their Boom;
You soft Sirs, who at home Indulge your Ease,
And hate French *Bullets worse than* French *Disease;*
You Courtiers, who in Wit, and Judgment grow,
For where the Money Ebbs, the Wit should Flow;
And you Citts, who so brisk, and plump appear,
Fatn'd with good Quest-*Ale, and* Christmas *Cheer;*
The Poet by me, Envoy, *here to Day,*
Welcomes you to a pleasant, airy Play:
The Comick Writer still Supports our Stage,
We live by the Good-Nature of the Age.
Let others be with Tragick Lawrel's Crown'd,
Where undisturb'd the Heroe struts around,
And Empty Boxes Eccho to the Sound.

Plays

Plays are design'd for Mirth, to make us glad,
Damn'd Fortune's Plagues too often prove us sad;
Debts, Judgments, and a Bayliff at the Door,
Or cruel Sempstresses, when Love boils o're:
But tho' to teaze us, more such Plagues combine,
All are dispers'd with Humour, Wit, and Wine.
This Night our Author to divert your Spleen,
'Mongst Crowds o' Fools at Tunbridge *lays his Scene;*
Where Beaus, and City Wives in Medly come,
The Brisk Gallant supplies the Husband's room,
Whilst he, Dear, harmless Cuckold, packs up Goods at home.

Some Plot he has, some Conversation too,
Some Characters found out, he thinks are new,
But with what Skill they're Drawn, he leaves to you.
A Nice built Play, he begs you'l not expect,
Young Poets have the Fire, Old Authors are Correct.
To Humour chiefly, he'd his Genius bend,
On your Judicious Smiles his hopes depend,
And as he still Writes on, he'll strive to mend.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

By a Friend.

Design'd for the Captain.

AT Tunbridge I have made my first Campaign,
Nor have I wore these borrow'd Plumes in vain,
Since my Red-Coat has helpt me to a Spouse,
Who has, (I thank her) brought me, ---ne're a Souse.
The World's a Cheat, most Men Disguis'd appear,
And fain wou'd seem to be, what least they are.
The Out-side's all, Virtue's an empty Name,
That Cloaks the subtle Knave, and willing Dame.
Each Prostitute, worn out with frequent Sinning,
Wou'd still persuade you, 'tis her first Beginning.
Amongst you well-dress'd powder'd Sparks that Sit,
The Awful Judges of the Poet's Wit,
Here's some perhaps my Character wou'd Hit;
Who think it Safer, here at home to fall
By Ladies Eyes, than by a Cannon Ball.
But as the Painter, so the Poet too,
What shou'd be hid, Screens from too Nice a view;
And when some Stroaks have the Design expresst,
Chuses to draw a Shadow o're the rest.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Loveworth,	A Man of an Estate, in Love with *Hillaria*,	Mr. *Mills*.
Reynard,	A Gentleman that lives by his Wits,	Mr. *Wilks*.
Woodcock,	A Yeoman of *Kent*,	Mr. *Johnson*.
Squib,	A Fluttering, Fop-Militia Captain,	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Maiden,	A Nice-Fellow, that values himself upon all Effeminacies,	Mr. *Bullock*.

WOMEN.

Belinda,	Daughter to *Woodcock*,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Hillaria,	Sister to *Reynard*, a Railing, Mimicking Lady,	Mrs. *Verbruggen*.
Mrs. *Goodfellow*,	A Lady that loves her Bottle,	Mrs. *Powell*.
Penelope,	Her Neice, an Heroick Trapes,	Mrs. *Moor*.
Lucy,	Maid to *Hillaria*.	Mrs. *Lucas*.

Singers, Dancers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, *TUNBRIDGE*.

Time, Twelve Hours.

Tunbridge-Walks:

OR, THE

Yeoman of Kent.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Common Room in a Lodging-House.

Reynard *and* Loveworth *meeting.*

Lov. FRank *Reynard!*

Rey. Ned Loveworth! Slave to *London*, and Darling of the fair Sex, left his Mistress, his Bottle, and his Friend, to visit the Country.

Lov. To the Pleasures of the Town I own my self devoted, but *London* now is a perfect Solitude, Business and Diversion have dispers'd every Body—— Lawyers are gone their Circuits to plague the poor Country People—— Tradesmen to Cheat at Fairs---Courtiers to avoid their Creditors, and Younger Brothers to Spunge a Month with their Relations; no Plays, no Park, no Intreagues, not a Cully left to keep Wenching in Countenance; so that the poor Women o' the Town are forc'd to live virtu-

ouſly in ſpight of Nature; But *Tunbridge* I ſuppoſe is the Seat of Pleaſure; Prithee, what Company does the Place afford?

Rey. Like moſt publick Aſſemblies, a Medly of all ſorts, Fops majeſtick and diminutive, from the long flaxen Wig with a ſplendid Equipage, to the Merchant's Spruce Prentice that's always mighty neat about the Legs; Squires come to Court ſome fine Town-Lady, and Town-Sparks to pick up a Ruſſet-Gown; for the Women here are wild Country-Ladies, with ruddy Cheeks like a *Sevil*-Orange, that gape, ſtare, ſcamper, and are brought hither to be Diſciplin'd; Fat City-Ladies with tawdry Atlaſſes, in Defiance of the Act of Parliament; and ſlender Court-Ladies, with *French* Scarffs, *French* Aprons, *French* Night-Cloaths, and *French* Complexions.

Lov. But what are the chief Diverſions here?

Rey. Each to his Inclination—— Beaus Raffle and Dance—— Citts play at Nine-Pins, Bowls, and Backgammon—— Rakes. ſcoure the Walks, Bully the Shop-keepers, and beat the Fiddlers—Men of Wit rally over Claret, and Fools get to the *Royal-Oak* Lottery, where you may loſe Fifty Guinea's in a Moment, have a Crown return'd you for Coach-hire, a Glaſs of Wine, and a hearty wellcome—— In ſhort, 'tis a Place wholly dedicated to Freedom, no Diſtinction, either of Quality or Eſtate, but ev'ry Man that appears well Converſes with the beſt.

Lov. But who is the top Beauty of the *Wells*, the grand Toſt of the Men, and Envy of the Women?

Rey. Ev'ry one wou'd be ſo: But your old Miſtreſs *Hillaria* ſtill bears the Crowd; her Wit and Beauty ſupport each other, and her Dreſs and Converſation are ev'ry Day ſo prettily vary'd, ſhe always appears new: The Women love her Company, but hate her Pow'r, and the Beaus flutter about her in all the aiery Poſtures of *French* Gallantry, whom ſhe ſtill keeps off with her eaſie Raillery, and not one dares engage her.

Lov. If ſhe has ſo many new Sparks, ſhe'll look but coldly on an old Pretender; but if ſhe's ſo ſevere upon the Beaus, I wonder they don't appear Daſh'd, and retire.

Rey. Not at all; becauſe their Vanity conſtrues every thing to

to their own Advantage; and they take Raillery from a Lady to be as great a mark of Eſteem, as they think a Lampoon is of being conſiderable enough to be taken notice of——I always obſerve, That Men of the greateſt Senſe are moſt doubtful of their own Merit; but a Fool, that has Aſſurance enough to ſupport his Folly, thinks he has Wit enough to carry him thro' the World—But here comes old *Woodcock*, the Yeoman o'*Kent*, that's half Farmer, and half Gentleman; his Horſes go to Plow all the Week, and are put into the Coach o'*Sunday*; he has brought his Daughter hither, a Lady ev'ry way agreeable; but her Father is ſo great a Humoriſt, that notwithſtanding he allows her all the Gaiety of Body, he obliges her to the Ancient Cuſtom of wearing a High-Crown-Hat; to her I intend my Addreſſes, but would firſt Sound his Inclinations; for when an old Fellow knows he has a handſome Daughter, and can give her a good Fortune, he is generally very capricious in the diſpoſing of her.

Enter Woodcock.

Good morrow, Mr. *Woodcock*; you are exerciſing your ſelf after the Waters, I ſee.

Woodc. You are miſtaken Mr. *Reynard*; we Country Gentlemen live honeſtly, and have no occaſion to ſcoure our Veſſels.

Lov. But *Tunbridge*-Waters, Sir, have another Virtue; they help the Underſtanding, and quicken the Wit, and that, you Country Gentlemen, may have occaſion for.

Woodc. When I find, Sir, they have had a better effect upon you *Londiners*, perhaps I may try 'em——Look you, Gentlemen, we in the Country don't pretend to Raillery; If we have Wit enough to keep our Chickens from the Kites, and our Wives, and Daughters, from you ravenous Town-Sparks, we neither Envy your flaſhy Air, nor deſire to be thought Weathercocks.

Rey. But they ſay, Sir, you are bleſt in a Daughter, that's Beauteous to Admiration, your only Child, and Heireſs to

your Estate; and notwithstanding your Aversion to the Town, I suppose you design her for some very fine Gentleman.

Woodc. No, no, Mr. *Reynard*; Your Modern fine Gentleman is too much a *Narcissus* to value a Wife; he Marries only to repair his Estate, never appears abroad with her after the first Month, nor Lies with her but in *Lent*, for Mortification—the Prodigal Citt too takes a Wife only for Conveniency to look after his Shop, while he goes a Stock Jobbing; grows Jealous from his own Imperfections, Swears she keeps Company with my Lord such a one, Sues out a Divorce right or wrong, and turns her out of Doors; then Spends her Fortune upon some *Covent-Garden* Miss, and like the rest of your Whoring Citizens, pretends he's Ptysichy, and is forc'd to lie out of Town ev'ry Night——No *Londiner* shall either ruin my Daughter, or waste my Estate——If he be a Gamester 'tis rattl'd away in two Nights—If a lewd Fellow, 'tis divided into Settlements—If a Nice Fop, then my Cherry-Trees are cut down to make Terras-Walks, my Ancient Mannor-House, that's noted for good Eating, demolish'd to Build up a Modern Kickshaw, like my Lord *Courtair*'s Seat about a Mile off, with Sashes, Pictures, and *China*; but never any Victuals dresst in the House, for fear the Smoak of the Chimny should Sully the Nice Furniture---Look ye, Mr. *Reynard*, The *Woodcocks* of *Kent* are an Ancient Family, and were the first that oppos'd *William* the Conquerour; therefore I'le have my Name kept up; and to Marry my Daughter to a Beau, with Spindle Shanks, a small Shape, and a long meagre Face, I'm sure is'nt the way to encrease her Family.

Rey. So that instead of providing her a Gentleman, you'd Sacrifice her to a Brute; who has neither Manners enough to be thought Rational, Education enough for a Justice of Peace, nor Wit enough to distinguish fine Conversation from the yelping of Dogs; Hunts all the Morning, Topes all the Afternoon, and then goes lovingly Drunk to Bed to this Wife.

Woodc. And pray, what are your Town Diversions?—— To hear a parcel of *Italian* Eunuchs, like so many Cats, squawl out

out somewhat you don't understand—— The Song of my Lady's *Birth-Day*, by an honest Farmer, and a merry Jig by a Country-Wench that has Humour in her Buttocks, is worth Forty on't; Your Plays, your Park, and all your Town Diversions together, don't afford half so substantial a Joy as going home throughly wet and dirty after a fatiguing Fox Chace, and Shifting one's self by a good Fire—— Neither are we Country-Gentlemen such Ninnies as you make us; we have good Estates, therefore want not the Knavery, and Cunning of the Town; but we are Loyal Subjects, true Friends, and never scruple to take our Bottle, because we are guilty of nothing which we are afraid of discovering in our Cups—— To such a Man I'de marry my Daughter; One who has Humanity enough to know how to use a Woman well, and loves the Country well enough to live in't, and manage his Estate himself, without trusting it to a rascally Steward, who will ruin my Family to raise his own.

Lov. But, who have we here?

Enter Squib.

Rey. Captain *Squib?*

Squ. Gentlemen, I kiss your Footsteps.

Lov. But how now, *Squib?* How long hast thou been entitled to Scarlet? Prithee, what Regiment has the Honour of thy Protection?

Squ. Why truly, Gentlemen, Finding how irresistable a Red Coat is among the Ladies, I have lately made Interest to be an Officer in *the City Train-Bands*—— When I march through *Cheapside* on a Training-Day, How the Citizens Wives stare after me—— There's an Air, says one; There's a Face, says another; There are Legs, says a Third; Sigh, then go to Bed, and Cuckold their Husbands by the Force of Imagination.

Rey. But wou'dn't it gain you more Reputation, Captain, to make a Campaigne? There you might serve your Country, and justly merit the Title of an Officer.

Squ

Squ. No, no, Mr. *Reynard*, 'tis only for your ſwarthy ill look'd Rogues to go to the War; we Spruce Officers ſtay at home to guard the Ladies, Fight Mock-Sieges upon *Bunhill*, and Storm the Outworks of a Ven'ſon Paſty: Beſides, Sir, I have an Eſtate, therefore need not put the fair Sex into Doubts, and Fears, by hazarding my Perſon.

Lov. But if you don't ſerve one Compaign, How will it appear to the World you are a Man of Courage?

Squ. That Mr. *Loveworth* is evident enough at home; For there's ſeldom a day, but I have occaſion to draw my Sword either in the Pit, the Side-Box, or ſome publick *Coffee*-Houſe.

Lov. If you are ſo deſperate, Captain, People will be afraid of keeping you Company.

Squ. You are miſtaken, Sir; I'me one of the well-bred Officers that Challenge no Man; and if any Man challenges me, [*aſide.*] I ſend my Lieutenant to meet him—— But to ſhow you I have Generoſity as well as Courage, I quarrell'd yeſterday with a Gentleman for treading on my Toe, which you know is an unpardonable Affront in this honourable Age; but at the Interceſſion of ſome particular Friends, Pardon begg'd, and a Supper given, I was prevail'd upon to put it up—Ha! My Yeoman o' *Kent*, Honeſt Hop-Sack and Cherry-Tree, How does thy handſome Daughter, what think you of me for a Son-in-Law?

Woodc. Thee—Doſt think I'll marry her to a Pot-Gun, a Fop Militia Captain; who, inſtead of having Courage to ſtand an Enemy, flies at a Show'r of Rain: She ſhould ſooner have a common Trooper, that's a Man of Mettle, and follow the Camp.

Squ. Very blunt, and ill-bred; like a true Country Put, that was Conceiv'd under a Hedge, Litter'd in a Barn, and brought up in a Hog-Stye---- Look you, old Gentleman, If your Daughter falls in Love with me, as 'tis ten to one but ev'ry Woman does; tell her, ſhe may Sigh her ſelf into the Green-Sickneſs, Eat Oatmeal, Chalk, Coals, Candles, and die o' the Pip.

Enter

Enter Maiden.

Mai. Are you for the Walks, Gentlemen?

Rey. Ay, But Mr. *Maiden*, You are very late to Day, the Ladies will be all there before you.

Mai. Why really, Sir, I us'd to be dreſs'd ſooner; but I have been mightily out of Order this Morning with the Vapours, and the Chollick, and was forc'd to ſtay to Eat a little Chicken Broth—Pray, Gentlemen, What new Company have we here? They ſay, There's a world of Quality come down this Week.

Woodc. Quality! What then! They'll neither furniſh the *Wells* with more Wit, nor more Money.

Mai. But the Ladies, Sir, always reſpect People of Rank—They ſay, Mr. *Woodcock*, You have a fine Daughter to diſpoſe of here; I deſign to make her ſome Overtures.

Woodc. You—Thou Effeminate Coxcomb, Doſt think ſhe'll like one of her own Sex—[*Aſide.*] D'ſlife, all the Fops in this Place have got a Notion of my Daughter; I ſhall have 'em Bait her, as a parcel of Hounds do a young Leveret. I'll go find her out, make her pack up her Auls, and we'll be gone to morrow Morning. [*Exit.*

Lov. Prithee, *Frank*, Let's to the *Coffee*-Houſe, and leave theſe Fools together.

Rey. I'll ſtep but to my Chamber, and follow you inſtantly. [Exeunt *differently.*

Squ. Well, Friend, And what Accompliſhments d'you pretend to, with the Ladies?

Mai. Why, I can Sing, and Dance, and play upon the Guittar; make Wax-work, and Fillagree, and Paint upon Glaſs. Beſides, I can dreſs a Lady up a Head upon Occaſion, for I was put Prentice to a Millener once, only a Gentleman took a fancy to me, and left me an Eſtate; but that's no Novelty, for abundance of People now-a-days take a fancy to a handſome young Fellow.

Squ. And

Squ. And wou'd Sooth the Women with theſe Fooleries? they hate a Nice Fop, that's ſo much an Image of themſelves; and love a robuſt Maſculine Fellow, that will kiſs 'em, tumble 'em, and towze 'em about.

Mai. [*Aſide.*] Poor ſilly Creature; Lard; Does he think fine Ladies will ſuffer themſelves to be us'd like Oyſter Women—Sir, I hope, I hav'n't ſtudy'd the Ladies ſo long, not to know how to Addreſs 'em; neither have I taken ſo much pains to poliſh my ſelf to be rejected for you: Therefore you may give your ſelf what rough Airs you pleaſe, and yet not ſucceed half ſo well as thoſe that have a little more Modeſty.

Squ. Modeſty—Here's a Fellow now——Prithee, What does Modeſty ſignifie? Did it ever get a Lover a Maidenhead, a Lawyer a Cauſe, or a Courtier a Place—But to pretend to Modeſty in this Age; Why the Women have laid it aſide now, and are reſolv'd, *A-la-mode en France*, to appear bare-neck'd, gallop without Stays, drink their Bottle, keep Fellows, and be out of Countenance at nothing;—Thank Heav'n, Modeſty's an Infamy my Family can ne're be branded with; for all my Relations from the beginning, have been either Pimps, Poets, Attornies, Projectors, Stock-Jobbers, or Cuſtom-Houſe Officers——But you may e'en quit your Modeſty, your Airs, and your Graces; for I reſolve to ingroſs all the Ladies to my ſelf; and if you dare meddle with one——

Mai. D' you think I won't talk to 'em, and give 'em Sweet-Meats?

Squ. That I grant you; But if you offer Love to any thing that's under Fifty, above the degree of a Chamber-Maid, and has a Noſe on her Face, I'le cut your Throat——[*Aſide.*] I may Hector this Fellow without danger.

Mai. As to that matter, Captain, we ſhall never quarrel; For if I can Raffle with the Ladies, Dance with them, and Walk with 'em in publick, I never deſire any private Love-favours from 'em.

Squ. Nay, Then gi' me thy Hand, thus we agree the Point, and will aſſiſt each other. I'll recommend you for a Partner

in

in Dancing; you ſhall commend me for a Lover to wait on 'em home.

Mai. With all my Heart.

Squ. Come along, Frigid. [*Exit.*

Mai. Lard, What rude Monſter is this? Sure ſomething that come out of the *Bear-Garden!* But I'me glad we are Friends; for if he had drawn his Sword, I ſhou'd ha' ſwounded away. [*Exit.*

Enter Hillaria, *and* Lucy.

Hill. Lucy, See if the Ladies are ready for the Walks, and order a Coach to the Door—— Well, This *Tunbridge* is the Joy of my Life; ſuch Treating, Dancing, Serenading, Raffling, and Scandal, I cou'd die here—— But let me ſee, what new Acquaintance have I made here—— There's Mrs. *Goodfellow* that makes ſo many great Suppers, I cou'd like her, but ſhe Drinks ſo prodigiouſly hard, I can never hold out with her—Lady *Bubble* that's perpetually at Cards, and always Loſes, lends one Money, and has never Aſſurance to ask for't again, I'll be intimate there——Mrs. *Smallware*, the Tradeſman's Wife in the City; there I can have things upon Credit; and then *Belinda*, the Lady that lives in *Kent*, I'll be very great with her, ſhe'll Invite me down for a whole Summer——I find every now and then I'me forc'd to pack together ſome new Intimates; for by that time I have liv'd a Year upon one Set, I run 'em out ſo much Money in treating my Viſiters, keep ſuch late Hours, and breed ſo many Differences in their Families, they are quite tir'd of me.

Enter Reynard.

Rey. So, Siſter; you are in your Airs, I ſee, ready for the Company, mighty gay and ſplendid; Prithee, how doſt maintain thy ſelf ſo well without a Fortune?

Hill. Tho' I want a Fortune, Brother; Yet while there are Fools that have Money, and I have Wit and Assurance to manage 'em, I'll wear the best Cloaths, Visit the greatest Quality, enjoy every Diversion, and Despise all that pretend to be better than my self.

Rey. But how d'you insinuate your self to the World?

Hill. As most Women that live by their Wits do; I praise ev'ry Body to their Face, and Mimick evry Body behind their Back: so that all Court my Favour, because they are afraid of being abus'd—— By keeping a World of Company, appearing in all publick Places, and giving my self a Liberty of Railing, I have acquir'd the Character of a Judge——No Body dares buy a Suit of Cloaths without my Advice, for whatever I condemn is thought ungenteel; and half the Tradesmen in Town make me Presents to promote 'em Customers—— I make Interest for the Players o'Benefit Nights, so have the Liberty of the Box—— Now and then introduce a poor Poet with a Dedication, to go Snacks in the Reward—— I live one Month with this Lady, a Month with that, Cheat at Cards for Pocket-Money; so make shift to rub through the World—But, how d'you manage your self, Brother? 'Tis more difficult for a Man to Spunge a Maintenance than a Woman; to be treated, presented, and address'd, you know is the Prerogative of our Sex.

Rey. Like a true Town-Spark; One day at Court, and the next in Jayl: I have generally some Money at command, but seldom any more at a time than what I have in my Pocket.

Hill. Why truly, Brother, I believe most of you Wits do carry your whole Stock about you.

Rey. I always keep Company with those of the highest Rank, whom I find most easie to be bubbl'd: Now and then perhaps I get to the Groom-Porters, and lend a Nobleman Twenty Guinea's upon a Push, to pay me Five advance the next Morning; and Courtiers punctually discharge what they lose at Gaming, tho' they run in ev'ry Body's Debt for Necessaries—— But this Course of Life, Sister, is but for a Spurt; we must

now

now think of settling our Condition; Our Family you know bears no common Fame, and our Education was the best; but our Parents, by supporting the Ancient *English* Hospitality, liv'd beyond their Estate, and left us to Traverse the World, therefore, whatever Offers you have, accept nothing below your self.

Hill. No, Brother, I have a Soul too great to harbour any thing that's mean; and if my Circumstances wou'd not Countenance my Character, before I'de condescend, like a decay'd Gentlewoman, to dress Heads, make Mantoes, teaze People with my Birth and Education, and my willingness to get a Livelihood in an honest way, I'de scorn the World, and with an undaunted Spirit, repeating some Heroick Strain, plunge a Dagger, and fancy my self an Actress in a Tragedy.

Rey. My own Sister to a Hair—— But let this Maxim joyn your noble Spirit— Still preserve your Virtue; For if you part with that, you stain our Blood, and render your self below every Circumstance.

Hill. You know, Brother, we are all Frail, and sometimes there's no resisting the Charms of a well-dress'd Side-Box Beau; But if I shou'd make a Slip, this I'll promise you, to keep a good Reputation, and that's the most fashionable Virtue.

Rey. But of all your Lovers, whom are you most inclin'd to Marry?—— There's my Friend *Loveworth*, a Man of Sense and a tolerable Estate.

Hill. Good.

Rey. Then, Captain *Squib*, with a larger Estate, but a Fool.

Hill. Better.

Rey. And then, the fine Mr. *Maiden*, who has a very great Estate, and is a prodigious Fool.

Hill. Best of all.

Rey. But cou'd you love a Fool, Sister?

Hill. Love is a stupid Passion, that betrays the weakness of our Minds; who that has Reason wou'd sacrifice the Pride of Life to a momentary Joy? which ev'n in the Name of Marriages extinguishes; but a Man that wou'd maintain me in all

the Pomp of Quality, to out-ſhine the Court, and be the Envy of the vying World, I ſwear, were he Old, Diſeas'd, Perverſe, were he any thing, I cou'd Love him, Careſs him, and dote on him to Death.

Rey. My own Siſter agen— For my part, I'me fix'd on *Belinda*, the Yeoman of *Kent's* Daughter, and have luckily found out what ſort of Man he's reſolv'd to Marry her to: I'll firſt ſolicite the Lady; then, contrive how to win or deceive the Father: The Cuſtom of this Place allows our Familiarity without being ſuſpected for Relations, ſo that we may Subtily commend each other—— To day we ſtrike our Fortunes, for in ſo great a Crowd of Fools, 'tis hard, if we don't find ſome Opportunity to Profit by our Wits.

Thus runs the World, one half the other Rules,
The Wiſe are Workmen, and the weak are Tools,
Hill. But yet the Greateſt Wits are Women's Fools.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT. II.

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Walks.*

Enter Hillaria *and* Belinda.

Hil. I Wonder, *Belinda*, How a reasonable Soul, and a Genius for the World like you, can brook a Country-Life?

Bel. Custom, *Hillaria*, makes ev'ry thing familiar; and tho' I hate the Country, I endeavour so much Philosophy to be easie in it: Indeed, my Father's Intentions of settling me there wou'd try the utmost of my Temper.

Hill. But I suppose you have too much of a modern Spirit to let his Will sway your Inclinations: Shou'd any old Father pretend to Associate me where I don't like, I shou'd plainly desire him to leave Doting, or march into the other World; But sure my Parents were the civilest People; for after they had liv'd sparingly to encrease my Fortune, found they grew Old, and I began to grumble, they made their Will, left all to me, except Fifty Guinea's to the Noncon-Preacher, and a few charitable Legacies I ne're paid, and went off so sweetly, without so much as a Fit of Sickness to put one to Charges, and keep one in Doubts and Fears.

Bel. But what wou'd you Advise me to do, *Hillaria?* For my Father resolves to move home to morrow; where I shall be Coup'd up like a Turtle-Dove, that's Melancholy without a Mate; and have not the least Prospect of any other Match than what's first propos'd to him.

Hill. Why, faith, e'en take the Advantage of this publick Place; Select one that looks most like a Man of Honour, strike up.

up the Bargain while you ſtand ſtill in a Country-Dance, and be tackt to him out o' hand—— What think you of Mr. *Reynard?* If I who have ſeen ſo many Men, and obſerv'd ſuch Variety of Shapes, from Beau *May-Pole* to Beau *Dapper*, may judge of the Sex, I ſay *Reynard*'s a pretty Fellow.

Bell. Since you draw me into a Confeſſion, *Hillaria*, I muſt own the ſame Opinion; Mr. *Reynard* was my Partner at the *Bath* laſt Year, and mention'd a Love there, which he has not ſince had an Opportunity to renew—— But then, my Father; to be hated, turn'd out of Doors, and Diſinherited!

Hill. Never fear it—— Indeed, when a Woman Diſgraces her Family by a mean Paſſion, and runs away with a Fidler, a Barber, or a Taylor, 'tis fit ſhe ſhou'd be Diſcarded, and joyn in her Husband's Drudgery all day for a little Love at Night: But if you Marry a Gentleman, and can look the World i' the Face; perhaps the old Man's teſty for a Month; but then you put on a little Hypocritical Sorrow, down o' your Knees, tell him you are ſorry you ſhou'd Carnalize without his Conſent, but 'tis what can't be undone now— Nature Pleads, the old Fool Bleſſes you; then come Treats, Balls, fine Cloaths, all mighty well, and not a word o' the Balcony.

Bell. Dear *Hillaria!* Let me intreat your Friendſhip; but you engage ev'ry Body, all Court you, and are uneaſie without you; Prithee, What is it ſo bewitches 'em?

Hill. Upon theſe Love-Occaſions, I am mightily follow'd: For after I have perſuaded a young Lady to run away with a handſome Fellow, I interceed with the Old Folks, and reconcile 'em, ſo that I oblige both ſides; *(Aſide.)* And often get a good Preſent by the Bargain——Then People are fond of a pretty fleering Air I have got; for you muſt know, this Age is mightily addicted to Self-Love; and the higher Eſteem People have of their own Perfections, the more they Deſpiſe others: Therefore I pleaſe this Lady, by railing at that; and my ſelf, by making a Jeſt of the whole World alternately— When I'me at Court, I ridicule the City-Wives, thoſe over-

dreſs'd

dreſs'd Creatures, that ſtand gapeing ſix Hours at a Shop-Door, and the Aldermen's Ladies, who by their Bulk, and manly Voice are taken for Hermaphrodites—— When I'me in the City, I laugh at the Court-Ladies, their Gameing-Clubs, and Intreagues with Players, wearing *D'Oyley* Stuff-Suits for want of Money or Credit to buy better, and borrowing Jewels o' Birth-Nights; and when I'me among People of true Merit, I make a Jeſt of both—To particular Families, I recommend my ſelf by being throughly good Humour'd, and always conformable to what's propos'd——One Lady loves hot Tea, another cold Tea; I drink both——My Lady *Jiggit*'s for a Fidddle, and a Country-Dance, ſo am I——Mrs. *Townly* loves a Hackney-Coach, ſending for Fellows out o' *Chocolate*-Houſes, Coquetting half an Hour in a Mask, and make the Fools treat us without ſo much as the Favour of ſeeing our Faces; Then from *India*-Houſe to *India*-Houſe leaving Letters, tumbling Goods, Buying one *China*-Cup, and Stealing half a Dozen; And at my Lady *Rampant*'s in *Eſſex*, they are for clambering over Hedges, Riding in Hay-Carts, Hot-cockles, and Blind-Man's Buff——I can Romp as well as the beſt of them—— Then I am mighty happy in keeping a Secret; ſo that if a Merchant's Wife has a mind to make merry when her Huſband's out of Town, to be ſure I'me ſent for——But here comes the He-things.

Enter Reynard *and* Loveworth.

Rey. Your Servant, Ladies; how goes Scandal at the *Wells* to day? What fine Lady had an Intreague laſt Night, which the reſt out of Envy have reported?

Hill. Rather, Sir; What Intreagues have your Vanities boaſted of, which neither your Perſons, nor Accompliſhments, had force to gain you?

Lov. Real Intreagues, Madam, we never diſcover; and only talk of Favours in oppoſition to thoſe Ladies, who pretend to a Crowd of Lovers, and yet value themſelves in having Pow'r to reſiſt 'em all.

Hill.

Bel. A Woman, Sir, need not assume much Power to resist any thing she sees in your Sex; but we can't blame the good Opinion you have of your selves, when we consider the weakness of your Judgments.

Rey. But if you Ladies did not desire a Conquest, Why d' you take such Pains to adorn your selves? What are your high full Rumps, but to make you follow'd?——Your Fans in Winter, but to give Airs, and the various Disposition of your Curls, but Baits for so many Men?——Then there's more Policy and Consultation us'd in placing your Patches to Advantage, than at a Council of War, in the disposing a whole Army.

Hill. Pray, Mr. *Reynard*, Let not your Sex pretend to Satyrize the Women, 'till you are less Foppish, and affected your selves.—— What are your light Wigs, curl'd behind, but to hide your round-Shoulders, and set off your Wallnut Complexions; and your fine Sword-knots, but to tie the Hilt and the Scabbard together—— But the surprizing Joy when two Fops meet in the Side-Box, tho' they parted but two Minutes before, at a *Chocolate-House*; The Side-Bow, the Embrace; and the fulsome Trick you Men have got of Kissing one another. Then down you sit, and observe the Women—— She's well enough—— says one, but they say she has been had—— Mind how she Ogles us, says t' other, when they are a couple of wretched hatchet Fac'd things, that are Physical to look at 'em—— Then, the Toss o' the Head, the Airs o' the Snuff-Box, and the Leer at an Actress on the Stage; and all the ridiculous Actions of a Monkey, or a Madman; but I think, they say most of you Beaus are craz'd; for taking such a prodigious deal o' Snuff, it open'd your Heads so much, the Wind got in, and quite turn'd your Brains— And when any Expressions on the Stage are smart upon the Side-Boxes, how you force a Grin, and wou'd fain Laugh 'em off.

Rey. I find, Madam, we may Truce the Debate, and Unite our Forces; for I see Mr. *Woodcock* coming down the Hill, that's Satyrical upon both Sexes.

Bel. My

Bel. My Father, Dear *Hillaria*; Lets avoid him.

Rey. We'll ſtep into a Raffling-ſhop, Madam.

[*Exeunt* Rey. *and* Bell.

Lov. I ſuppoſe, Madam, by this time you are pretty well tir'd with Fops, and Fiddles; and like a Ship toſs'd by Winds and Waves, may be glad to ſteer into the Harbour of Matrimony.

Hill. Good Mr. *Loveworth*, don't mention Marriage at *Tunbridge*; 'tis as much Laugh'd at as Honeſty in the City: This is a Place of general Addreſs, all Pleaſure, and Liberty; and when we happen to ſee a Marry'd Couple dangle together like a Knife and a Fork, they are a Jeſt to the whole Walks.

Lov. But *Tunbridge*, Madam, ought to diſtinguiſh Lovers, my Services bear a longer date, and therefore Merit more particular Notice.

Hill. For which reaſon you might expect 'em ſlighted: Is there any thing more ſcandalous than an old Lover to our Sex, who are ſo fond of Novelties? But if after all your Solicitations, I were inclin'd to Article the Matter, you'd find me ſomewhat odd in my Propoſals. For in the firſt place, When ever I Marry, I deſign to have it a mighty Secret, People ſeldom care to let the World know they have play'd the Fool; neither wou'd my Vanity loſe the Serenades, the Treats, and Addreſſes a ſingle State affords me—— Then I'me for a Man in ſome Buſineſs, that I may have his Company at night, and yet not be troubl'd with his Impertinence all day; for ſure nothing is ſo inſipid as a Fop Husband, that ſtays at home with his Wife, takes the Air with his Wife, and ſhows his Fondneſs in ev'ry thing but what he ſhou'd— Then I reſolve to have an abſolute Sway; for, I find by Experience, no State, either publick or private, proſpers ſo well as under the Government of a Woman; therefore I forbid all Toaſting Clubs, where you drink Proſperity to your Miſtreſſes, and Confuſion to your Wives, quarrel about the Conſtancy of ſome common Trull, and break one anothers Heads to prove

the Emptineſs of your Argument—— No Converſation with Wits, where you muſt treat half the Company; nor Aſſociating with Men of Quality, where you are ſure neither to improve your Underſtanding nor gain a Friend—— Then I'le always be Conſulted in State-Affairs; for 'tis a mighty Credit to our Sex to have an Aſcendant over them that Biaſs the whole Nation—— And cou'd you, Sir, perform all this for me?

Lov. All, Ten times more; You ſhall do what you pleaſe, govern how you pleaſe, be ſole Miſtreſs of me, your ſelf, and my Eſtate.

Hill. Then let me tell you, I diſſembl'd all this while only to try your Temper, and now find you a down-right Aſs-- What! Be ſubject to your Wife; let a Woman rule you: Why, the meereſt Coward in Nature has Courage enough to Domineer over his Wife— I ſee, Sir, you are not for my purpoſe, yet I'le give you this Advice, The next Lady you Addreſs, neither Fawn, nor Flatter, but uſe a generous Courtſhip, and Aſſert the Prerogative of your Sex; for 'tis the worſt Air you can have with us to be found any ways deficient in a true Man-like Character—— But here come the *Canterbury* Ladies, Mrs. *Goodfellow*, that's as big as the Cathedral, and enough to ſcorch a Body with her fiery Complexion; and her lean, ſcragged Neice *Penelope*, that fancies her ſelf a mighty fine Creature, and has more Fantaſtick Airs than the Pewterer's Wife in *Bedlam*.

Enter Mrs. Goodfellow, *and* Penelope.

Goodf. Dear *Hillaria*, I am glad we ha' met you, theſe Men are ſo troubleſome and dull, we have wanted your Company mightily to divert us.

Pen. (*Aſide.*) Theſe old Women affect ſo much Wiſdom in deſpiſing Lovers, becauſe they are Conſcious what's ſaid to 'em can't be in earneſt—— Methinks, Madam, 'tis very pleaſant

ſant to have the Beaus Buz about one, Talk to one, and give one Things; it ſhows one's pretty.

Goodf. You are young, Neice, and love to be flatter'd; when you come to my years, and have a true Senſe of things, your Vanity will wear off, and you'll find more ſubſtantial Joys in a Bottle, and a She-Friend; For my part, I never mind the Men; I have Three hundred a Year, and am reſolv'd to live ſingle, and enjoy it: Therefore I wou'd 'nt have Lovers pretend to Conquer me, for I come out of *Kent*, and the *Kentiſh* People were never Conquer'd.

Hill. Truly, Madam, I agree with you; I hate the Company of Fellows, where Cuſtom forces on a Modeſty Nature never meant us; There's nothing like a Club of our own Sex, where we can be Frank and Free, Play our own Pranks, and Talk our own Talk.

Pen. (Aſide.) Wou'd the reſt of our Sex were of their Opinion, that I might have all the Men to my ſelf.

Goodf. But pray tell us, *Hillaria*, Who have you ſeen this morning?

Hill. The uſual Crowd—— Sir *Tireſome Crumpling*, that old affected Fop, that has been the Jeſt of the place theſe fifty years; and the reſt o' the Fools that take pains to be Laugh'd at, cringing after a parcel of ſtrange Trollops in Callicoe Gowns—— Well, Theſe late Mournings have been very happy for Women of no Fortunes, that have made a good figure in an old Sheet printed black and white—— Then comes a knot of *Jew* Ladies, that have lately Bubbl'd their Parents out of a Sum of Money by turning *Chriſtians*, according to Act of Parliament; and have juſt as much Religion as ſome of our *Chriſtian* Ladies, that ſpend half their Church-time in quarreling for Haſſocks, and the upper-end of a Pew—— But then to ſee a ſwarm of Mercers and Drapers Wives, move down the Walks, like a Sail of Ships, that are known to be the worſt of the Company by being the fineſt dreſs'd, with Diamond Ear-Rings, Diamond Necklaces, and a great Gold Watch as big as a Warming-Pan; and yet theſe City

Things are so confounded proud, they never think themselves considerable enough till they are Ladies too; a mighty piece of Honour indeed to have ones Husband a Knight, and no Gentleman; tho' really some of our Modern Gentry are as ridiculous on the other side, by valuing themselves upon their Births, when they have no Estates to support 'em; keep a Coach when they can't afford a Livery, and Starve themselves to Feed their Horses—— What if we sit down here—— Mr. *Loveworth*, give us some Coffee.

Lov. With all my heart, Madam.

Hill. Oh! Herc's Mr. *Maiden*, and the Musick; now we shall have a Performance. [*They Sit*, Coffee *brought in.*

Enter Mr. Maiden *with Musick.*

Maid. Ladies, I have brought a fine Singer, that came down last night to Entertain you with a new Composure; one that's mightily admir'd *at the Small-Coal Musick Meeting.*

SONG.

[*While the Song's Performing*, Maiden *uses a Fan, a Pocket Looking-glass*, &c.]

IF moving softness can subdue,
See, Nymphs, a Swain more soft than you:
We Patch, and we Paint,
We 're Sick, and we Faint,
To the Vapours, and Spleen we pretend;
We play with a Fan,
We Squeak, and we Skream,
We 're Women, meer Women i' th' end.

Your Airs we defie,
Your Beauty deny,
Be as Gay, and as Fine as you can;
Ye Nymphs, have a care,
Be more Nice, and more Fair,
Or your Lovers in time we may gain.

Goodf. Mrs.

Goodf. Mr. *Maiden* is the moſt uſeful Perſon in ſuch a publick Place, and diſtinguiſhes himſelf ſo obligingly by promoting ev'ry Diverſion.

Mai. Oh, Madam, I am Maſter of the Ceremonies here; appoint all the Dancing, Summon the Ladies, and Manage the Muſick; tho' really, theſe Fidlers are ſuch a parcel of idle, ſcoundrel Fellows, one has more trouble in keeping 'em together, than Mr. *Rich* has in governing the *Drury-lane* Players.

Hill. But pray, Mr. *Maiden*, How d' you employ your ſelf for want of an Office in *London?*

Mai. Why, Madam, I never keep Company with lewd Rakes that go to the naſty Taverns, talk Smuttily, and get Fuddl'd, but Viſit the Ladies, and Drink Tea, and Chocolate; They think me the beſt Creature; for they Conſult me mightily about their Dreſs; I tell 'em when the Sleeve's rowl'd too high, and the Gown Pinn'd too flat; fancy their Knots, and help 'em make their Patchwork; and they call me Mrs. *Betty*—— Then, I have Chambers at the *Temple*, and keep a Levee, and a Viſiting-Day; for ſince the Lawyers are all turn'd Poets, and have taken the Garrets in *Drury-lane*, none but Beaus live at the *Temple* now, who have Sold all their Books, Burnt all their Writings, and furniſh'd the Rooms with Lookinglaſs and *China*.

Lov. But if you neither Read, Study, nor Converſe with Men, How d' you employ your ſuperfluous hours?

Mai. Why, Sir, I can Pickle and Preſerve, raiſe Paſte, and make all my own Linnen; Then I love mightily to go abroad in Women's Clothes: I was dreſs'd up laſt Winter in my Lady *Fuſſock*'s Cherry-colour Damask, ſat a whole Play in the Front-Seat of the Box, and was taken for a *Dutch* Woman of Quality.

Enter Woodcock.

Woodc. Sure my Country is the Seat of Plagues—— At *Canterbury* we are more peſter'd with *French* Folks, and *Presbyterians*

byterians, than the *Egyptians* were with the Frogs and Lice— At *Maidſtone*, twice a year, we have the Devourers o' the Law, that breed a Famine where-ever they come; and if two or three Dozen of my beſt Poultry are not preſented to my Lord Judge, I am put into Commiſſion, and Plagu'd with all the Scolding Controverſies in the Pariſh; and *Tunbridge* here is the Rendezvous of Coxcombs, I have walk'd this hour and hav'nt met one ſociable Creature— So, here's a bleſſed Cabal; when the Fops, and the Women get together, there's generally more Noiſe, Nonſence, and Impertinence, than amongſt a knot of Lawyers Clerks, and drunken Whores in the Middle-Box of the Eighteen Peny Gallery.

Hill. But I wonder Mr. *Maiden*, How you Nice Beaus, that frequent all Aſſemblies, avoid mixing with the ruder ſort?

Mai. Oh, Madam; We that are acquainted with the Town, diſtinguiſh People by their Airs; there's as much difference between Men of Breeding, and Rakes, as between a Lady's fine Shock, and an ugly Dutch Maſtiff— One knows a Gentleman by a great deal of good Manners, and a chaſt, modeſt look that may be truſted in a Lady's Bed-Chamber; and a Rake by a dirty double Button-Coat, a curſed long Sword, and a damn'd *Iriſh* Face, with more Impudence than the Box-Keepers that are always teazing Quality for Money.

Wood. [*Approaching.*] And pray, Friend, By what token d' you know a Fool, when you ſee him?

Lov. There Mr. *Maiden* can never be at a loſs, who is ſo well acquainted with a Lookinglaſs.

Woodc. But where have you diſpos'd my Daughter, good People.

Hill. To her own Satisfaction, I gueſs, amidſt a Crowd of Beaus, Raffling, Toying, and receiving Preſents.

Woodc. Very good; And pray what Favours d' you Ladies allow theſe Beaus in return of their fine Preſents?

Hill. Why, The liberty of Talking, Dancing, or a Game at Cards; and if we happen to meet Men of true Wit, perhaps we may be Charm'd into Marriage.

Wood. But

Wood. But ſhou'd my Daughter ſuffer her ſelf to be Corrupted by any of your *London* Wits, ſhe ſhou'd e'en live by the Air of *Covent-Garden*, before I'de have a Wit inherit my Eſtate, I'de Stockjobb it away at *Jonathans*, lay it out in Cloathing a Regiment where I ſhou'd never ſee a Groat on't agen, or ſell it for a Place at Court, to be turn'd out upon the next Revolution.

Hill. What, I warrant you'd match her to a Country Juſtice, that like ſome of our modern Commiſſioners, has no more Senſe than to Commit old Women for Witchcraft, or ſome blockheadly Mayor of a Corporation, with a Country Mace carry'd before him like a Chocolate Mill —— Well, You old Men, have the moſt unaccountable reaſons for diſpoſing your Daughters; One marries her to a Fool, becauſe he's a-Kin to Quality; Another to a Knave, becauſe he's a Man in Vogue, and expects Preferment; a third Superſtitious Old Rogue gives her to a Sot, becauſe he's a Sober Perſon, takes Short-hand, and belongs to the ſame Congregation. I wonder what Religion there is in Love; and your Worſhip for fear the Sow ſhou'd baulk her litter, wou'd marry your Daughter to a Swine,—Oh the! joys of a Country life, to mind one's Poultry, and one's Dairy, and the pretty buſineſs of milking a Cow, then, the ſoft diverſions of riding on Horſeback, or going to a Bull-baiting, and the Charming Converſation of high-Crown Hats; who can talk of nothing but their Hogs, and their Husbands; for ſhame Mr. *Woodcock*, ſince you have an Eſtate, you ſhou'd have poliſh'd your Family, and given your Daughter a Town Education.

Wood. And have you, Madam, no more reverence for the memory of your Anceſtors than to prophane a high-Crown-Hat, that token of Modeſty, and Humility, for ſince your fantaſtical Geers came in with Wires, Ribbons, and Laces, and your Furbulo's, with 300 Yards in a Gown and Petticoat, there has not been a good Houſwife in the Nation—Then you'd give my Daughter a Town Educa-

tion

tion; I'le tell you what the Education of a Town Lady is—First she's sent to a Dancing School, where she's led about the Room by a Smooth-fac'd Fellow, Squeez'd by the Hand, and debauch'd before she comes into her Teens: I'le be Sworn Dancing Masters, Singing Masters, and such followers o' the Women, make greater Havock among Maidenheads in *London*, than the *Germans* did among the fine Fiddles at the Battle of *Cremona*—As you grow up you learn to be very Coquette, and are taught the Languages that you may Intreague with the whole World, and instead of rising early to inspect your Families, you stew abed till Noon, dress all the Afternoon, go to Dinner at Night, and play at Cards till the next Morning: When you have gam'd away all your Mony, you take your Cloaths upon Tick, and when you have run up a hundred pounds in several Tradesmen's books, you pretend you have Husbands at the *East-Indies*, and no body can Arrest you.

Hill. Why, Mr. *Woodcock*, you are perfect Scurrulous, I find, the Steely Soil of *Kent* has an Effect upon your Natures, as well as the Waters; but I don't wonder you shou'd abuse the poor Women, when with that Petitioning Face you think you have Wit enough to correct Parliaments.

Mai. Indeed, Madam you say right, Spleen, and Ill-nature are as common in *Kent*, as Apple-dumplins; I wonder Sir, you Satyrs like the rest of your Brother Monsters, hav'nt a pair of Horns.

Wood. And I wonder you Beaus, like the rest of your Brother Asses hav'nt a Tail.

Enter Squib *and another fighting*, *People interposing*, Maiden *and the Women Shriek*, *and run to a corner of the Stage.*

All. Nay, Good Captain, you fright the Ladies.

Lov. What's the matter, Captain!

Squ. An Impudent Dog that belongs to the Last Will and Testament-Office, had the assurance to boast of favours from my Sempstress. *Woodc.* A

Wood. A mighty piece of Vanity truly.

Hill. But Mr. *Maiden*, What makes you so terrified?

Mai. Why really, Madam, I am naturally Apprehensive of a naked Sword: They say, my Mother was frighted at a Quarrel, when she was with Child o' me.

Woodc. (*Aside.*) So, now the Walks begin to Swarm—— What are these Fops good for? They are too Lazy to Work, and too Cowardly to Fight—— I'de fain have Beaus, Fidlers, Dancing-Masters, Poets, and Players, knockt o' the Head as they do useless Puppies, that they might 'nt over-run the Nation. [*Exit.*

Hill. Come, Ladies, the Bell-Rings to Chapel, Mr. *Loveworth*, I must not force you thither contrary to your Inclinations; but Mr. *Maiden*'s always dispos'd for the Ladies.

Lov. You, Madam, May Command me any where. [*Pushing* Maiden *aside.*

Maid. Breeding. [*Leads Mrs.* Goodf.

Goodf. Sweet Mr. *Maiden.* [Exeunt, *all but* Squib *and* Pen.

Reynard *and* Belinda *appear at the upper-end of the Walks.*

Pen. I wonder, Captain, You'll expose your valuable Life upon such frivolous Occasions: You great Commanders shou'd be reserv'd for more worthy Enterprizes.

Squ. Oh! Madam, I am always a Champion for the Ladies; yet I endeavour to secure my own Safety: For tho' Valour be necessary in a Soldier, most of our modern Heroes prefer good Conduct, and seldom enter upon an Engagement that Surmises Danger: And really, Madam, When I consider the present Scarcity of good Officers, I'me forc'd to curb the unrulines of my Passion out of a National regard.

Pen. Sure nothing is so Moving as an Heroick Spirit, nor any thing so Becoming as Scarlet, it looks so graceful, and darts so noble a Lustre on the Face.

Squ. And yet ev'ry pert Prig with a Patch, and a Cropt-Head o' Hair, pretends to a Red-Coat forsooth; Scarlet's grown so common now-a-days, one hardly knows a Colonel from a *Costermonger.*

Pen. Well, When ever I Marry, I'me resolved to have an Officer; for next to being a Woman of Quality, in my mind, nothing Sounds so great as the Captain's Lady.

Squ. Divine Lady, your Hand.

Pen. Noble Sir, you have it. [*Exeunt.*

Reynard *and* Belinda *come forward.*

Bel. I own your Merit, Sir, and wou'd not Slight your Love; but you know my Father's Temper, and I am fix'd, never to Marry without his Consent: When you have found a means to Court his Favour, you may then hope for mine.

Rey. Conduct, and Courage, ev'ry way I'le prove,
First try by Pray'rs, and Arguments to move,
Then Summon ev'ry Art, and Shape of *Jove*;
Tho' oft repuls'd, Love still the Fight maintains,
And for each Thought we gladly beat our Brains,
When the Reward so nobly pays the Pains.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Woodcock *and* Reynard.

Woodc. IN love with my Daughter, Ha, ha, ha, Av ery good Jeſt indeed.

Rey: Why ſhou'd you doubt my Paſſion, Mr. *Woodcock*, have I not ſhown my ſelf a zealous Lover; follow'd her to the *Bath*, thence to *Tunbridge*, watch'd for her, Courted her, and Reſpected you.

Wood. 'Tis true, Mr. *Reynard*, I believe you have a very great Affectiou for my Daughter, I muſt applaud your Judgment, and tell you, ſhe deſerves your Love. As to her Perſon, I can't ſay much; but ſhe's Heireſs to near Six thouſand Acres of Arrable and Paſture; beſides, a good Manſion-Houſe, with Hop-Grounds, Cherry-Gardens, and other Appurtenances, ſituate, lying, and being in the Pariſh of *Maidſtone* in the County of *Kent*; and if a Woman with ſuch Charms can want Followers in this Fortune-Hunting Age, I am deceiv'd.

Rey. I grant you, Sir, an Eſtate is a comfortable Convenience; but you ought not to prefer a few dirty Acres to a Woman of Beauty.

Wood. What ſignifies Beauty without Money? 'Tis Money makes the Beauty— Tho' a Woman be ſurpriſingly Witty, fair to a Miracle, eaſie, and unaffected; She's thought Diſagreeable without Money; but tho' ſhe's Crooked, Squints, Ill-Natur'd, and a meer Changling, ſhe muſt be an Angel, when ſhe's an Alderman's Daughter, and has Ten thouſand Pounds—We plainly ſee how Beauty's valu'd at *London* by the Women o' the Town, who are forc'd to live by their Faces. In Term-time, indeed, they'll ſqueeze Half-a-Crown; after *Term* they are glad of Seven-Groats; in the long Vacation,

you may have a Furbulo for a Teſter; and your poor Whores that ply the *Roſe*-Paſſage, have ſo bad a Trade, they can ſcarce afford you an Anniverſary clean Smock— Beauty, Mr. *Reynard*'s a Jeſt, I never Marry'd for't my ſelf—— Indeed, I thought the Woman well enough, but if her Fortune had'nt equall'd my Eſtate, we had ne're Pig'd together—— [*Aſide.*] Tho' cou'd I have lik'd her better, a Son might have Inherited my Eſtate; for I think they ſay, Girls are but the Product of half Inclination.

Rey. Come, come, Mr. *Woodcock*, ne're Diſpute the matter, I like your Daughter, and your Daughter likes me; 'tis true, Fortune allotted her the largeſt Share, but had it been my Chance; we generous Hearts Marry for Love, and ne're value Money.

Woodc. Not value Money—— Very like, If it were not for ſuch extravagant Sparks as you, that want a true Senſe of Money, we ſhou'd'nt have ſo much Subſcription-Muſick, nor ſo many *French* Buffoons skipping over to run away with it—— Mr. *Reynard*, You have unluckily diſcover'd your ſelf, and I hope now you'll not pretend to my Daughter, I ſhall hardly give my Eſtate to one that don't know the worth of it—— But I miſtake, noble, Sir, I ſhou'd Admire your Philoſophy, the Contempt of Money ſhows ſo great a Soul—— 'Twou'd be happy for the Nation, if every Country cou'd furniſh ſuch worthy Perſons for Aſſeſſors, Collectors, and Receiver's General. [*Exit.*

Rey. That a plain, rough-hewn Fellow ſhou'd have ſuch profound Knowledge— I own her Fortune is the chiefeſt Bait— Yet I Love her too, but how ſhall I convince him that I Love her—— What if I feign my ſelf Diſtracted—— It ſhall be ſo— That may not only move Belief, but Pity——It muſt be Love, when the Mind ſeems Diſeas'd.

Enter Loveworth.

Lov. Frank Reynard Contemplative! What mighty Buſineſs can there be depending that ſhou'd make thee thoughtful——

Yonder

Yonder come the two Fools, *Squib* and *Maiden*, you know the Oppoſition of their Tempers— Lets ſet 'em together by the Ears, 'twill make Sport.

Rey. Prithee, *Ned*, Enjoy the whole Diverſion thy ſelf, I have greater Matters to mind. [*Exit.*

Lov. Go thy ways for a Brainſick Fellow, Pox o' the Women, I ſay, this damn'd Love ſpoils all manner of Society.

Enter Squib.

Squ. Mr. *Loveworth*, I beg a multitude of Pardons, I ſhou'd Rob you of my ſelf ſo long; but I have been earneſtly engag'd in Mediating a prodigious Quarrel between two Members of the Kit-Cat Club that challeng'd about a Pun.

Lov. I find, Captain, You are the Grand Umpire o'the Nation—— But, I wonder, how you Ambitious Officers can reſt ſatisfy'd with Trifling away your time at *Tunbridge*, when your Aſſiſtance is ſo much wanted in *Italy*.

Squ. Indeed, Mr. *Loveworth*, when I reflect how much my Preſence wou'd Encourage the whole Army, on the Conſideration of a good Preferment, next Campaigne I may oblige the Allies; but you muſt know, Sir, we Military Gentlemen have a mighty tenderneſs for one another's Fame, and I ſhou'd be very cautious of performing any thing to Eclipſe my very good Friend Prince *Eugene*——But Mr. *Loveworth*, here comes *Maiden*, prithee lets teaze him a little——What if we get him to the Tavern, and make him Drunk?

Lov. With all my heart.

Enter Maiden.

They ſay, Mr. *Maiden*, You are in the Lampoon that came out this Morning, for having an Affair with Mrs. *Motion* your Lanlady's Chambermaid.

Mai. That's an Impudent Report, Mr. *Loveworth*, only to Spoil one's Reputation among the Ladies, for 'tis well known

known I have more Madesty, and never lay with a Woman in my life.

Squ. And will your Virtue gain you any Credit with the Ladies, you silly Toad; If you wou'd Settle an Interest there, you must Swear you ha' worry'd half the Sex; but thou hast'nt Wit enough to subdue any thing above a Sempstress.

Mai. Lard! What signifies Wit? How particular a Wit wou'd look at Court now-a-days; Your poor scoundrel Wits are forc'd to Cringe to us Men of Figure—— I'me to have a Dedication next Winter: Well, a Dedication is the prettiest thing— To see one's own Name in the Front of a Book— To the Honourable *Francis Maiden* Esq;—— Then to have the World told of one's Airs, and Equipage, and the Valour of one's Ancestors— You may talk what you will of your Wit and Sense, but you'd part with all your Qualifications to have my Complexion.

Squ. O Lord, Complexion! Who the Devil minds that? And hast thou the Assurance to despise Men of Wit, and value thy self upon thy white Gloves, thy Honey-Water Bottle, and thy painted Face?

Mai. Well, Where it not for a little Art, one shou'd look like other people, But what then, 'tis only a Wash from the *Dove* in *Salisbury-Bury* Court, which all the Quality use, and tho' I say it, when my Face is set out to the best Advantage, it has given many a Lady a Palpitation at the Heart— But you know, Captain, We have agreed not to quarrel: I hate testy Folks, when I was at School, I cou'd never abide the Boys; they were always Rangling, and Fighting, but I lov'd mightily to play with the Girls, and dress Babies, and all my Acquaintance now never quarrel'd in their lives.

Lov. No, what sort of people are they good now?

Mai. Oh! The best Creatures in the World; we have such Diversion, when we meet together at my Chambers, Th ere's Beau *Simper*, Beau *Rabbitsface*, Beau *Eithersex*, Co- lonel *Coachpole*, and Count *Drivel*, that sits with his Mouth the prettiest Company at a Bowl of Virgin-Punch; we

we never make it with Rum nor Brandy—like your Sea Captains, but two Quarts of Mead to half a pint of White Wine, Lemon-Juice, Burridge, and a little Perfume; Then we never read Gazets, nor talk of *Venlo* and *Vigo*, like your Coffee-Houſe Fellows; but play with Fans, and mimick the Women, *Skream, hold up your Tails, make Curſies, and call one another, Madam*—— But Mr. *Loveworth*, Are you for the Dancing at *Southborrough* to Night? I'me going to be all new dreſs'd.

Lov. Ay, But we are too Soon yet; lets take a Flask firſt at the *Rummer*.

Mai. O Lard I never to go the Tavern.

Squ. But faith you ſhall, Mr. *Loveworth*, lets force him along.

Mai. O Lard I ſhall be Raviſh'd; Captain you are the rudeſt Man, as I hope to be Sav'd I'le call out: Well, don't tumble a body then, and I will go, but I never drink any thing but *Rheniſh* and Sugar.

Squ. Dam Rotgut *Rheniſh*, we'll have Mrs. *Motion*'s health in a Bumper of *Barcelona*.

Mai. Oh! She's a Bold Pullet. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Woodcock, *and* Belinda. *A Chair*, Woodcock *Sits*.

Woodc. Belinda, Come hither.

Bel. (*Aſide*) Now ſhall I be ask'd, a thouſand more Whimſical Croſs Queſtions, than a Baſhful Witneſs, by an Impudent Yelper at the *Old-Bayley*.

Woodc. What Notion ha' you of Mankind?

Bel. Notion, Sir, I think of 'em as the reſt o' my Sex do.

Wood. As the reſt of her Sex do——I never knew a Woman give a direct Anſwer in my Life; but if I muſt explain your Meaning, that's as much as to ſay, You think of nothing elſe——But Pray, Madam—If I may be ſo bold—What mighty Acquaintance, and Intimacy——is there between Mr. *Reynard* and you?

Bel. Mr.

Bel. Mr. *Reynard*, Sir, No more than what's General, I have no farther Knowledge of him, than the Freedom of the Place allows.

Woodc. The Freedom o'the Place—— Why if you know as much of him as the Freedom of the Place allows; you have known him in every Sense: And *Item*, For what Lewdness is there this Damn'd Place don't Countenance? —Look you Daughter, I smell your Affections, and resolve to Spoil the Intreague; therefore be pleas'd to Bundle up your Night-Cloths, your Patches, Pomatum, and the rest of your Trumpery; for positively I'le be gone to Morrow——When I think it Seasonable for you to Marry, I'le take care ro provide you a Husband my self.

Bel. But I hope Sir, you'll not enjoyn me any Man contrary to my Inclinations.

Woodc. Your Inclinations——Perhaps your Inclinations are to half the Sex; I know very well you are for a Beau; a Flattering Coxcomb, that wou'd make you believe your Eyes are a pair of Flamboys, and Cringe to you with Bits of Love-Songs, in a Damn'd Couuter-Tenor Voice—(*Singing*) *Then prithee, prithee give me gentle Boy*—But I shan't leave my Estate to a Periwig-Block; And since that must descend with you, I shall consult my own Judgment, and not your Inclinations; therefore if your Ladyship don't think fit to Marry whom I shall Assign, you may e'en Fast 'till your Stomach comes to you: I leave you to think of that, and prepare for your Journey. [*Exit.*

Bel. What Noise and Discord sordid Interest breeds!
Oh! That I had shar'd a levell'd State of Life,
With quiet humble Maids, exempt from Pride,
And Thoughts of Worldly Dross that marr their Joys,
In any Sphere, but a Distinguish'd Heiress,
To raise me Envy, and Oppose my Love.
Fortune, Fortune, Why did you give me Wealth to make me wretched? [*Weeps.*

Enter

Enter Hillaria.

Hill. Belinda in Tears—— Now has that old Rogue been Plaguing her— Poor Soul! She weeps more heartily than ever I did, when I was Whipt for Romping: I find People have two great Satisfactions in Children; firſt to get 'em, and then to croſs 'em: But were he my Father, I'de ſooner break his Heart than he ſhou'd force a Tear from my Eyes— Come, Child, Let's retire, and take a Chiriping Dram, Sorrow's dry; I'le divert you with the New Lampoon, 'tis a little Smutty; but what then; we Women love to read thoſe things in private. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucy.

Luc. How many Reſolutions have I made to be Virtuous? And cou'd never keep 'em above two hours: Therefore I deſign never to make any more—— This *Tunbridge* is the Devil; For here are ſo many handſome Fellows proffering Love, that let a Body proteſt never ſo much againſt it, there always comes ſome rub i' the way.

Rey. (*Without Singing.*)

Luc. Bleſs me, Here's Mr. *Reynard*, that's juſt run Diſtracted, they ſay, for Mrs. *Belinda*, the Yeoman of *Kent*'s Daughter; I'le Swear a good clean Limb'd ſort of a Man—— What pity 'tis he wants his Underſtanding.

Enter Reynard *Singing.*

Rey. Then Mad, very Mad let us be, &c.

Luc. Poor Gentleman! How active he ſeems to be: Well, Of all things, I love a brisk Man—— Pray, Sir, How long have you been Mad?

Rey. Ever ſince, I firſt ſaw a Woman: Woman fir'd my Breaſt, rackt my Soul, and confounded all my Senſes.

Luc. Good lack, Was there ever any thing ſo ſtrange, I hope he's Mad for me too—— Sure, Sir, That was ſome cruel Creature,

ture, that did'nt return you love for love; I fancy a kind Nymph wou'd recover your Wits agen.

Rey. The whole Sex are kind, I meet no Oppoſition; for now Honourable Love is out of Date, and Maidenheads are Drugs that lie upon their Hands; you may have 'em like Eggs, Ten a Groat.

Luc. Indeed, I'me glad then I Sold mine before they came ſo cheap.

Rey. But if they reſiſt me; then I grow outragious, ſtorm, ſtare, rave, and force all I meet.

Luc. My Stars! The Man talks ſtrangely terrible, if a body was afraid on't; I believe, Sir, you, like other Knight Errants o' the Age, boaſt a great deal more than you perform.

Rey. No, I am all Action, my Life, my Soul; thou Varniſher of thy Miſtreſſes Imperfections, Cabinet of her Intreagues, Heireſs of old Cloaths, and Mender of fuſty foul Linnen.

[*Tumbles her, throws her down, and goes out Singing,*
Then mad, very mad let us be, &c.

Luc. Was there ever ſuch a Whelp, to throw a body down,--and then run away, but I'le go tell my Lady; for if he ſhou'd meet her in this wild Fit, ſhe'd be quite Scar'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Hillaria.

Hill. I have put all the Miſchief imaginable into *Belinda*'s Head, and have left her to Muſe on't—— Now for my own Matters—— This Muſick, Rambling, Tea, and Scandal, are very pleaſant, but all don't ſecure the main-Chance; and that muſt be done before I leave *Tunbridge*; for Faith, I'me ſo damnably in Debt, I dare'nt ſhow my head in Town, 'till I have got ſome body to clear Scores—— Here comes *Woodcock*, if I cou'd trap the old Fellow now for a Husband; what variety of young Lover's wou'd his Eſtate Purchaſe——Sure no Body in this World had ever greater occaſion for a Fool than I have at preſent.

Enter

Enter Woodcock.

Wood. Who wou'd be troubl'd with Daughters? thoſe Puff-Paſt Things, that like Race-Horſes coſt one more in keeping than they 're worth; for my Daughter, ſhe's made up of nothing but Pride, and Diſobedience; and if her Vanity's but the leaſt oppos'd, then ſhe's Sick, and nothing but *Tunbridge* will Cure her —— That People ſhou'd come hither for Air, a damn'd Hole amidſt a parcel of counfounded Hills more ſtifling than a Bagnio, and Stinks worſe than the Upper-Gallery in hot Weather---- I am plagu'd to that degree, that cou'd I meet a Woman in any meaſure, abating the Impertinence of her, I wou'd yet hope a Son, only to diſappoint my Daughter's Expectations.

Hill. (*Aſide.*) Then e'en take me, and try what you can do. I'le employ the hint; this may be the lucky Minute for ought I know —— I begin, Mr. *Woodcock*, to be tir'd of this noiſy Town-life, and wou'd fain Settle in the Country: D'you know never an old Shepherd that's in mighty diſtreſs for a Wife?

Woodc. He muſt be in a damnable Diſtreſs indeed that wou'd Marry a *London* Lady.

Hill. Oh! Mr. *Woodcock*! A Woman bred in *London* makes the beſt Country-Wife; for being Surfeited with Hurry and Confuſion, Solitude is a perfect Elizium; 'tis like repoſing one's ſelf after a fatiguing Journey; and of all Parts, I ſhou'd chuſe *Kent:* They ſay you *Kentiſh* Men are the beſt natur'd People, and make the kindeſt Husbands in the World, I know ſeveral Ladies extreamly fond of *Kent.*

Wood. Very like; moſt of you Town-Ladies are naturally Fond of ſtrong *Kentiſh*-men— But pray, Madam, What has made you ſuch a Friend to the Country, who but now took ſo much Pains to ridicule it; tho' few regard what your Sex ſay, ſince 'tis agreed, Woman ne're ſpoke her Meaning yet; for your Minds are ſo very mutable, that whatever you think

at preſent, you're of a quite different Opinion before you can utter it.

Hill. But the Thoughts of Marriage, Sir, are more Solid; and tho' a Haſhy Fop may divert one for a quarter of an hour; were I to chuſe a Companion for Life; nothing's ſo agreeable as your Humour.

Woodc. My Humour— Why you hav'nt a deſign upon me, Madam? D'ſdeath, She has almoſt given me a *Kentiſh* Ague--Marry thee, no Faith, I'de ſooner breed out o' my Wall-Ey'd Mare, for whatever ſhe may be for Beauty, I ſhou'd have one at leaſt that wou'd'nt talk me to Death.

Hill. Thou art a rude Beaſt, and 'tis pity any thing that's Human ſhou'd Couple with thee.

Enter Lucy.

Luc. Oh! Madam, The ſaddeſt Accident, poor Mr. *Reynard*'s quite raving Mad; he met me juſt now in this Place, and threw me down after that robuſt manner, I thought he wou'd have Raviſh'd me.

Woodc. Mad, ha, ha, ha, very diverting truly, a rattle-headed *London* Rake, to give out he's Mad, Why who the Devil e're thought him otherwiſe, ev'ry Body's Mad there—— Lawyers are Mad in finding out new Querks to make their Clients more Mad—— Poets, after new Whimſies---- Phyſicians after new Poyſons---- Muſicians, whoſe Brains are ſcatter'd into Semi-quavers, and Women have been Mad from the Creation.

Enter Reynard.

Rey. I have been talking to the Weather-Cock on yonder Church-Steeple, and 'tis the prettieſt tatling Company, I fancied my ſelf at the Drawing-Room amongſt all the Ladies-- (*To* Woodcock.)--- Ha! Who art thou with that bluſtering Face like the North-Wind at the corner of an old Map,

Ha,

Ha, ha, ha— Nay, be'nt Angry, good *Boreas*; thou look'ſt like a Wiſe Politician, we'll talk of State-Affairs; Prithee call for Pipes, and let's Smoke the Nation; bring me ſome Gunpowder.

Woodc. Gunpowder!

Rey. Ay, Gunpowder; Thou art one of thoſe heavy, thinking Animals, that ſunk Tobacco; I'me a Courtier, and Courtiers Smoke Gunpowder, for they are all Flaſh— I'le tell you News— There's a Civil War broke out among the Cards, the Four Knaves are to be no longer Court-Cards— Pam, is a ſly, cringing Paraſite, flatters ev'ry Body, buys of ev'ry Body, and pays no Body— The Knave of Diamonds, borrows other People's Wit, and begs other People's Eſtates— The Knave of Spades, is a Court-Rake, Scoures the Streets, breaks Windows, and beats the Watch----- And the Knave of Hearts, is a fine Dreſſing Courtier, that Debauches the Citizens Wives; beſides, the whole Pack are up in Arms; The Four Queen's are to be Baniſh'd, and the Four Kings Depos'd.

Woodc. Why ſo?

Rey. Becauſe each petty Card is like a grumbling Common-Wealth's Man, that hates Monarchy, and will allow no Body to be above himſelf---- But I have made Peace.

Woodc. How?

Rey. Why henceforward there's to be no Hereditary Honour, Mony's to be made Protector; and ev'ry paultry Cit that has but Ten thouſand Pounds to Purchaſe a Title, is to be made a Peer.

Hill. Why, That fancy now wou'd be very pleaſant, to have ſome of our Citizens Ennobl'd; I warrant we ſhou'd have my Lord *Leadenhall*, Count *Cheapſide*, and the Earl of *Stocks-Market*.

Rey. But hang Politicks; Pleaſure's my Buſineſs: Let dull, ſtudious Mortals poiſe the tottering Globe, I am light as Air; and make a Tennis-Ball of the World, Taſte ev'ry Diverſion without Care, that's always new becauſe it leaves no Impreſſion;

preſſion? and feed on the Sweets of a raviſhing Miſtreſs; without the Puny Senſe of Love---- But where's *Belinda?* Where's my lovely Charmer? We'll ſteal together to ſome ſecret Wood, and there we'll reſt our ſelves from all Mankind; careleſly on ſome riſing Bank we'l lie, ſhaded by Myrtles, fann'd with gentle Gales, and lull'd by purling Rivers into Sleep. [*Stands fix'd.*

Hill. Now are not you an old Brute to occaſion a poor Gentleman's Diſtraction, and have no more Charity?

Woodc. Charity--- Why, Madam, Shou'd half the Town run Mad for my Daughter, muſt I Ruin my Family to recover their Wits? Wou'd your Ladiſhip's Charity Marry a Man under the Gallows to ſave him from being Hang'd---- Look you, Sir, I underſtand the World, and can ſee thro' theſe Stage-Devices; therefore, if your Worſhip thinks you have leſs Wit than you brought down with you, and ſuſpect you have been Robb'd here, you'de'en Sue the County. [*Exit.*

Rey. Curſe on his Ruſtick Senſe, 'twill never take: What's to be done, *Hillaria?*

Hill. Ne're be diſcourag'd, Man; When you engage an obſtinate old Miſer, fortify'd with Experience, you attack a ſtrong built Town; ev'ry Stratagem muſt be thought of, and ev'rv Faculty employ'd--- I Swear, were it not for her Eſtate, one wou'd'nt take ſo much Pains about the Creature; indeed, her Face is well enough, but ſhe has a Shape like a Candle; then ſhe's horrid Silly; for when one tells her of a likely Fellow, ſhe crys, My Father--- If the reſt o' the World were but half as 'fraid of the Devil as ſhe is of that Old Toſt, he'd hardly have ſo much Pow'r over us--- I hate any thing ſo mealy-mouth'd.

Rey. Prithee, *Hillaria*, Leave this Woman's Railing, and ſay, what Courſe ſhall I take.

Hill. Well, You Men are the ſaddeſt Souls at an Intreague without the Aſſiſtance of our Sex--- Come, I'le tell you what's to be done--- You know, he's mightily averſe to any thing of

a

a Gentleman, and resolves to Marry her to some Country Grazier like himself: D'you assume that Habit, Forge a Commendatory Letter from some Neighbour of his, whose Name you may easily learn, and carry it with all the Impudence of *Fuller*; and if that don't Cozen the old Fellow, I'le be doom'd to Die a Virgin, and that's a damnable hard Sentence.

Rey. By Heav'n, I like the Project, and will about it instantly.

Hill. For my part, I'le e'en go make Love to Mr. *Maiden*, 'tis a sign our Sex are in sad want of Husbands, when we are forc'd to Court the Men; but my Pride must be supported; and faith I know the Town too well to lose anything for want of Assurance.

Rey. Come, *Hillaria.*

Tho' Fortune, like the wav'ring Sun-shine, Dance,
With constant Eyes, I'le Humour ev'ry Glance;
No Jars, no Crosses, shall my Hopes destroy,
New Ways, I'le Study, and new Arts employ,
And in all Shapes, pursue th' Amorous Boy.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Continues.*

Enter Maiden.

Mai. I'ME glad I ha' got away from 'em, I hate the Stinking Taverns, and they made one drink Bumpers o' four Claret; without so much as Nutmeg and Sugar----Here comes Mrs. *Hillaria*, if she wou'd but make Love to me now; for tho' we Beaus seldom care for Marriage, 'tis pretty to have the Ladies Fond of us.

Enter Hillaria.

Hill. Mr. *Maiden*, we have wanted you extreamly at the Tea Table, I heard you were'nt well.

Mai. Indeed, Madam, I was forc'd to lie down a little; I'me but a weakly body, this Hot weather overcomes one strangely.

Hill. Nay really I have often accus'd, the Tyranny of the Mode, in obliging you to wear those Great Wigs, 'tis well you Beaus are not Inclin'd to be Hot-Headed——But Summer time is tedious to ev'ry body; I wonder, how so many Fat Gentlemen, can endure the Green all Day, tho' tis pleasant enough to Look out o' the Window and observe 'em----To see a Tun o' Grease, with a broad fiery Face, and a little black Cap, waddle after a Bowl rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, and lose more Fat in getting a Shilling---Than wou'd yield him a Crown at the Tallow-Chandlers.

Mai. Why truly, Madam, we have a World o' Greasy Beaus about Town, I fancy half the Gentlemen o' the last Age, Marry'd their Cookmaids: But I never appear upon the Green amongst 'em, for in two Minutes one's tann'd abominably, besides I hate those fatiguing Diversions. *Hill.* Then

Hill. Then your *Kentiſh* Men here are for leaping; and throwing a great Iron-Bar, as if the Slaviſh Exerciſes of a Porter, cou'd heighten the Character of a Gentleman.

Mai. Theſe *Kentiſh*-Folks, value themſelves ſo much upon their Strength, and becauſe they carry'd a few Boughs againſt *William* the Conquerour; they talk of bearing Oak-Trees. I warrant in time, they'll pretend to remove the City of *London* into their own Country—— Some People too are fond of a Horſe, I wonder what pleaſure there is in Jumbling one's Bones to a Jelly, I'me ſure, I was as weak once with Riding a Mile and a half, as if I had Lain-in: But I Love a Spring-Chariot mightily, and there's nothing we Beaus take more Pride in, than a Sett of Genteel Footmen, I never have any but what wear their own Hair, and I allow 'em a Crown a Week for Gloves and Powder; if one ſhoudn't, they'd Steal horridly to ſet themſelves out, for now not one in ten is without a Watch, and a nice Snuff-Box with the beſt Orangerie, and the Liberty of the Upper-Gallery, has made 'em ſo confounded pert, that as they wait behind one at Table, they'll either put in their Word, or Mimick a body, and People muſt bear with 'em, or elſe pay 'em their Wages.

Hill. Nay, a Shining Equipage, ſooths my Vanity to the laſt degree, we ſhall make the moſt Suitable Couple.

Mai. (*Aſide*) Couple—I knew ſhe wanted a body.

Hill. And really, Mr. *Maiden*, to conceal the matter no longer, I am in Love with you to Death.

Mai. Truly, Madam, Marriage is a thing I hav'n't thought on yet.

Hill. That Meen, Air, Face, Wit, Shape, that moving Softneſs, and thoſe Speaking Eyes, at once have rais'd me to the height of Joy, and thrown me to the bottom of Deſpair.

Mai. (*Aſide*) She's mighty fond methinks, She may be a Cheat for ought I know; for ſo many Rakiſh Women come down to *Tunbridge*, to make their Fortunes among us Men of Eſtates; that if a body han't great care one may be Stole—— How ſhall I get away from her—Madam, I'le but Step into

Back-Yard, and wait on you presently. [*Exit.*

Hill. I find nothing can be made of this Fellow, there's somewhat in his Nature contrary to Love——Oh! here comes my Spruce Militia-Captain, as remarkable for Impudence, as the other for Modesty——With what variety of Fools is this place Supply'd.

Enter Squib.

Squ. (*Aside*) A flinching Son of a *Sucubus*, to pretend calling for a Lookinglass; and Sneak away——My Mistress —— Hem—— Now for my Rhetorick——Madam, I am Ravish'd with your Air, the Lustre of your Eyes, the Acuteness of your Wit, and the Symmetry of your Person; there is not a Lady, whose Presence I admire more, throughout the Cosmical System.

Hill. I find, Captain, you have Eloquence to engage the Women, as well as Valour to subdue the Men, but 'tis my Misfortune, not to be touch'd with those extraordinary Faculties, that bait so many of my Sex.

Squ. Some Ladies, indeed, are of a Cold Constitution; but can you Madam object, to one particular, throughout the finish'd Catalogue of my Perfections? but 'tis the general Fate of us Men o' the Fashion, to captivate the Crowd o' Ladies, and yet be slighted by a single She we Love. (*Sings*)

Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus *comes not ev'ry Day.*

Hill. (*Aside*) Was there ever such a Coxcomb—— I must own, Captain, your Graces are very insinuating, but so many reasons perswade me against a Martial Love—A Woman that values her Husband, is always apprehensive of the Chance o' War; then, shou'd you be kill'd in a Battle, one must Sneak to the Government, for a Pension of twenty Shillings a Week to Subsist half a Score Children, and hammer out the rest with Washing, and Starching; besides, a Soldier's Wife has so very little Credit abroad, that shou'd one happen to be out o' Cash, one may want so much as a Paper o' Pins.

Squ. Want

Squ. Want Pins— Madam, you ſhall eat Pins—Thoſe are your poor Starving Officers that live by Bullying, and their Wives by Cullies; I have three Hundred a Year in poſſeſſion, and two more in Reverſion, when my Grand-mother *Ptyſick* Dies; ſo that you may have ready Mony, you may go to the Tripe-Woman's with ready Money, to the Strong-Water-ſhop with ready Money, and to the Mercers with ready Money; and that's what half the Women o' Quality can't pretend to——Then for Pedigree, the *Squils*, Madam, are as Ancient and Numerous a Race, as the *Hittites*, the *Jebuſites*, or the *Girgiſhites*; I have Relations conſiderable in all parts o' the World; Don *Greazywhiskers*, Renegado *de Vigo*, Seignior *Furioſo Flammoſo de Mount Ætna*, Lord *Hounſditch*, Mounſieur *Ne're a Shirt*, and in *Holland* my Dear Uncle, *Myn Heer Belch Van Butter-Box*, will not all this prevail? Ye Stars, is there no way to make her mine?

Hill. One way, Captain, there is, and but one; I have ſworn never to yield my ſelf without a Duel; a Woman's hardly ſpoke of 'till ſhe has occaſion'd Blood-ſhed: All Ladies o' Figure, when they deſign to Marry, contrive ſome way to be fought for, then receive the Conquerour, to ſhow they approve the Deed——Mr. *Loveworth*, Captain, is your Rival; d' you Engage him, if you Succeed, my Perſon is the Reward: You'll not find it difficult, he's a Coward, and will ſcarce ſtand the Brunt.

Squ. (*Aſide*) A Coward, Nay then I may venture to Challenge him——If that be all, Madam, 'tis done already—I'le mince the Dog——Rival me, an Audacious Raſcal—Madam I'le Anatomize him for your Ladyſhip's Curioſity—(*Aſide*) I'le to the Tavern and get a little fluſh'd, few have Courage enough to fight in Cool Blood. Now Fortune; for my Miſtreſs, and my Fame.

'Tis my laſt Refuge, and if that don't win her,
O all You Gods above---The Devils in her. [*Exit.*

Hill. Now have I a mighty Pleaſure in ſetting two Fellows a tilting; ſhou'd one of 'em be run thro', what an Air 'twill

be upon the Walks, for People to obſerve a Body, and cry, ſhe had a Man kill'd about her; if they both prove Cowards, 'twill afford Mirth, to ſee two Fools parry at a Diſtance, they are ſure not to hurt one another, and that's not unlikely in this Periwig Age. Pſha! my old Suitor, Mr. *Loveworth*, how inſipid is a Fellow's Company one has been acquainted with a Month; I begin now to hate him ſo very heartily, that the Devil take me, if I don't---- marry him---- but what Humour ſhall I affect, in the Morning I rally'd him, now I'll ha' the Spleen, that will give him an Opinion of my Underſtanding, for the moſt faſhionable Sign of a modern great Wit, is a great deal of ill-Nature.

Enter Loveworth.

Lov. Save you, ſave you, Madam! what, melancholy!

Hill. One's apt to be ſo, Sir, at the Approach of dull Company.

Lov. Oh, ſhe has got the Spleen, I'll fetch her out of that preſently. [*Sings and dances a Minuet.*

Hill. Now were I really out of Humour, Splenetick, and Sick ev'n to Death, that Minuet wou'd ſet me a dancing. [*Sings the ſame Tune and dances.*] I find Mr. *Loveworth*, 'tis in vain for us Women to aſſume ill Nature with you Men that know our blind Side.

Lov. We know, Madam, your Natures are not rough, but you Ladies ſo damnably diſſemble Cruelty, where you find you are belov'd, we don't know what to make on't.

Hill. Good Sir, don't mention Love, that will give me the Vapour's indeed; but where's *Belinda*, Mrs. *Goodfellow*, *Penelope*, and the reſt o'the Company?

Lov. Oh! Madam, they are all got to Cards in the Summer-Houſe at the lower end o'the Garden.

Hill. At Cards, and I here! Heav'n forgive me, I don't uſe to ſlip an Opportunity of getting Money; I'll be with 'em this Moment, but dear Mr. *Loveworth* that Minuet agen.

[*Both ſing and go out in the Minuet Step.* Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Woodcock *with a Letter, and* Reynard *in a Country Habit.*

Wood. [*Reading.*] Numerous Tenements—Great Store of Cattel—And Lands very extenſive in *Romney Marſh*—(*Aſide.*) A moſt convenient Place for my Owling Trade, exporting Wool, and running French Goods—I find, Sir, you are commended to me for a Son-in-Law.

Rey. Yes.

Wood. Pray, what Eſtate may you have about *Romney Marſh?*

Rey. Eſtate, Why I have Eſtate enough to ſet up who I pleaſe for Parliament Man, and when I ha' done, think I ha' Wit enough to gi'n Inſtructions how he ſhall behave himſelf.

Wood. A notable Fellow this; no great Orator I ſee, but his Meaning's good.

Rey. Now, pray, what has your Daughter, for if her Vortune don't anſwer my Eſtate, I'ſe not have her, be ſhe a Cherubim, ſouſe me.

Wood. (*Aſide.*) My own Humour——He knows the Market, I find, and I warrant has bought many a Horſe——And I'd have a Man inſpect a Wife as he does a Horſe, ſee if ſhe has all her Teeth, and her Quarters tight, and ſound. I'm ſure, he that marries a *London* Dame has Reaſon enough to do't, for the better ſort, what with drinking hot Liquors, and eating Sugar-Plumbs at Church, not one in ten has a Tooth left; and for the middle ſort, I don't believe there's an Orange Woman at the Play-houſe, or a Sempſtreſs on the *Exchange*, that's Pepper-proof---- Well, Friend, I'll ſhow you my Daughter, if you like her Perſon, you may find her worth more than you imagine. [*Exit.*

Rey. An honeſt old Fellow——So, thus far the Plot ſucceeds; but how ſhall I blind him in Relation to the Eſtate——That's eaſy-----'Tis but getting a few falſe Deeds, and the matter's done-----We can't want Forgery, or Perjury while

Re-enter

Re-enter Woodcock *with* Belinda.

Wood. Daughter, uſe him courteouſly, and endeavour to like him; his Eſtate join'd to yours will make you the greateſt Woman in the Country.

Rey. A Strapper i'faith---- a Well built Laſs; tho' White, and Red like a Stockgilliflower, and a choice pair of Udders---- I muſt taſt her--- b'your Leave Forſooth--- (*Kiſſes her*) As tender as a Pullet, and I warrant as juicy as a Burgamy Payre.

Bel. 'Pleaſe to ſit, Sir. [*They Sit.*

Rey. They ſay, we ſhall have a good Crop t' Year.

Bel. As the Weather proves, Sir.

Rey. Ay---- 'T zeems, forſooth, I and you are to be Zweethearts, and lig together for the good of our Kind---- Nay pray you now be'nt ſo ſhy; look a little ſmirking upon a Body--do--If I don't love you with all my Soul, Heartsblood, Liver, and Lights, I'ſe gi' you leave to make a Harcelet of me.

Wood. Very well, but I'll leave 'em together, 'tis 'nt fair to obſerve Lovers. [*Exit.*

Bel. (Riſing) Ha, ha, ha, methinks Sir, the Clown's very natural, and the Gentleman but affected; I'd adviſe you to wear this Habit always, turn perfect Farmer, and go to Plow.

Rey. In the Field of Love, Madam, I agree with you; you ſee what Forms and Shapes you have Power to turn us into; I'm glad you kept your Countenance, for tho' a Deſign be carry'd on to the very finiſhing Point, your giggling Sex are apt to burſt out, and ſpoil all----but dear Creature, let's contrive ſome Way to be marry'd inſtantly, for fear of a Diſcovery.

Bel. The only way I can think of is to ſollicite him in *Propria Perſona*, which you know he'll ne're conſent to; and the more you preſs him for Mr. *Reynard*, the Gentleman, the more you haſten the Match with Mr. *Reynard* the Clown.

Rey. My Life, my Angel, let me hug thee for thy Invention---'Dſdeath the Old Man, let's be a little familiar. [*They ſit.*

(*Sings.*)

(Sings.) *I'll tell you a Story, a Story ſo merry,* [Woodcock
Concerning the Abbot *of* Canterbury, *Enters.*
And of his Houſe-keeping, and high Renown,
Which made him repair to fair London *Town,*
Derry down, down, hey derry down,

Wood. So, ſo, I'm glad to ſee 'em ſo Great already.

Rey. *How now quoth King* John, *'tis told unto me,*
That thou keepeſt a far better Houſe than I,
If thou doſt not anſwer me Queſtions Three,
Thy Head ſhall be taken from thy Body,
Derry down, *&c.*

You ſee Forſooth, I'ſe no fine Singer, but i'faith I'ſe be th' loudeſt ev'ry *Sunday* in our Church for all that; haugh.

Wood. Come *Belinda*, I'll relieve your Modeſty the firſt time; the Ladies enquire for you— Well, Sir, can you love my Daughter?

Rey. Love her, ay, better than I do Beef and Pudding; why ſhe's a Boncritten— but i'faith we'ſe not part ſo— (*Kiſſes her.*) by my Troth as pretty a Morſel as a Mon wou'd deſire to feed on.

(Sings.) *And if thou doſt not anſwer me Queſtions Three,*
Thy Head ſhall be taken from thy Body.
Derry down, *&c.* [*Exeunt* Wood. *and* Reynard.

Enter Hillaria.

Hill. I have heard all, *Belinda*, and applaud my own good Genius, but Intreagues of my forming generally proſper; I often fancy I cou'd write a Play.

Bel. Why don't you try, *Hillaria.*

Hill. No really, *Belinda*, a Poeteſs is ſo ſcandalous a Character; for when a Woman has the Face to appear at Rehearſals, and teach Actors their Parts, her Aſſurance will ſcruple nothing; beſides, Women-Writers have quite loſt their Reputation; for in Love Scenes their Thoughts are ſo looſe, and their Expreſſions ſo open, and unveil'd, the Ladies can't be ſeen at a Performance of their own Sex; and Obſcenity in a

Woman

Woman is so odious— Well, *Belinda*, I long to see thee in a Lover's Arms, settl'd at *London*, and dress'd like other People: Lord! How the Women o' Quality wou'd titter to see a high Crown-Hat in the Front-Seat o' the Box: Thou art good natur'd, Child, to suffer these Impositions; shou'd any old Humourist force a Steeple upon my Head, I'de make more noise in his Ears than if 'twere a Church-Steeple with the whole Set o' Bells in't.

Bel. A ridiculous Habit reflects more on those that impose it, than on us, where dependance forces a Subjection; but if I shou'd visit *London*, you'll instruct you Friend, *Hillaria*; for tho' frequenting *Tunbridge* may render one not awkward, I shall be a perfect Novice in half the Town Airs.

Hill. Why truly, *Belinda*, tho' our Observation be all trifle, a Woman that's well vers'd in the Niceties of Behaviour, is thought no small Politician; For in the first place, if you wou'd show a refin'd Education, you must be very timorous, and fearful, skream at the Jolt of a Coach, or the Pop of a Pistol, Die away at the Sight of a Rat; All well-bred Ladies are frighted at ev'ry thing but a Man—— Then you must be taken Ill at publick Places; tho' not like my Lady *Fullmoon*, that fainted away in a high colour; but to Humour a Swooning, with a pretty Paleness, causes an agreeable Disturbance, and gives one an opportunity to be supported by the Man one likes; Then the next Morning, there's such ratling with Footmen, which makes one considerable in the Neighbourhood, from this Lady and that Lady, tho' we hate one another mortally, to know how one's Head, and one's Stomach does, and how one rested that Night; and I all the while in my Closet at a Couple of cold Chickens, and a Tankard o' Sherry.

Bel. But what Amusements have you there?

Hill. Oh! Innumerable! My Head turns round with the promiscuous Enjoyment: There's the Play, Where I generally fidle in about the middle of the Second Act, that People may think I have been detain'd on some important Affair; if 'tis a Tragedy, I turn my Rump, and talk to the Beaus behind;

behind; But a Comedy's very pleasant, if 'tis but Abusive; I love Satyr strangely: Then *Hyde-Park*, Oh! *Hyde-Park* does ravish me.

Bel. But there you have no Conversation.

Hill. That's nothing, a world of pretty things may be done without Speech; but tho' our Tongues are silent, we Discourse still.

Bell. How so?

Hill. With our Fingers; there's many an Intreague carry'd on that way, and that's so pretty to appoint Time, and Place, and not a Word spoke: That Art, they say, was invented to oblige some Men o' Quality, who wanted the Gift of Elocution; and are not these much preferable to the Melancholy Country; where you may walk a whole day, and not see a Man: I'me sure I was so Mop'd there once for want of Company, I was glad to talk to the great Bull-Dog—— Come, Child, we'll send for a Beau to carry us to *Southborrough*, and I'le tell you more.

Bel. I wonder, *Hillaria*, You'll appear with these Beaus, and always speak so despicably of 'em.

Hill. They give one Snuff, lose their Money at Cards, and pay Coach-Hire. [*Exeunt.*

Loveworth *and* Squib *meeting.*

Squ. (*Aside.*) My Rival! Dear Spirit of *Burgundy* assist me-- Mr. *Loveworth*, Draw.

Lov. Draw, Captain, Upon what Account? How long have we been Enemies.

Squ. Look you, Sir, I'me for Action, and not Words: In short, You have endeavour'd to deprive me of my Mistress, and must either quit the Lady, or vindicate your Pretensions.

Lov. (*Aside.*) Ha, ha, ha, *Hillaria* has Banter'd the Fool, I'le Humour him a little—— That matter, Captain, we may decide more Calmly— He who has Serv'd her longest, best deserves her: If we can't agree, let the Lady determine it by her own Inclinations.

Squ. (*Aside.*) Is he thereabouts, I'le pursue the point——

Sir, The Temple of the bright *Hillaria*, I have made the Repository of my Affections; and whoever dares dispute the Legality of my Title, and not justifie what he says, Is a Son of an *Irish* Evidence, a Fool, and a pitiful Coward.

Lov. Nay, Captain, If you Brand me with the Name of Coward, my Honour's concern'd; now I will Fight. [*Draws.*

Squ. (*Looks Surpriz'd.*)— Will you Fight— (*Puts up his Sword.*) Then gi'me thy Hand; now I won't Fight with you; we Men of Reciprocal Courage shou'd never Fight, but a Cowardly Rascal ought to be Kick'd and Posted.

Lov. No, Captain, I seldom draw my Sword; but once provok'd, 'tis never drawn in vain; now you shall Fight.

Squ. (*Aside.*) O Lord, What shall I do now—Come, come, Mr. *Loveworth*, Friends shou'd never quarrel— The Lady's yours; I have a Stock of Mistresses, and can afford you half a Score at any time.

Lov. Nay, Captain, If you won't Fight, I must return you Coward, and Fool agen, with that, that, and that. [*Kicks him.*

Squ. 'Tis very well, Mr. *Loveworth*, mighty well, superlatively well; indeed, look you, Sir, I shall meet you one dusky Evening in St. *James*'s Park.

Lov. And what will you do then, Sir?

Squ. Why, Sir, I'le order two or three of the Sentry to fling you into the Canal.

Lov. Will you so, Sir. [*Kicks him agen.*

Squ. Nay, now— I will walk off. [*Exit.*

Lov. Thus flash of Valour, gilds the least Pretence,
Thus Lawyers Bawl, and Rise by Impudence,
Huffing for Courage passes, Noise for Sense,
By all Appearance, how the World's deceiv'd,
Grave Dulness, Wisdom, Canting, Zeal's believ'd;
But were Desert, like Metal to be try'd,
And each Pretender shou'd the Test abide,
How many a Hero huffs without a Soul?
How many a Statesman wou'd be found a Fool.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *Continues.*

Enter Woodcock, *and* Reynard.

Woodc. I Tell you, Mr. *Reynard*, My Daughter ſhall have no *London* Husband; I muſt have a Man that underſtands Farming, and will Improve my Eſtate, raiſe Portions for younger Children, and yet double it to the Eldeſt--- Whereas your Town Gentlemen Spend more in a Month than they Receive in a Quarter; know nothing of their Lands, 'till they come to Aſſign, and Set over; And I don't believe there's an Eſtate at Court, but is Mortgag'd to an Alderman in the City.

Rey. (*Aſide.*) How perverſe is Age? One may ſooner Civilize a Satyr, Convert a *Jew*, or reduce a Woman from her Pride and Vanity, than perſuade an Old Fellow out of a rooted Obſtinacy--- But Mr. *Woodcock*, you have Reaſon, and ſhou'd Argue exceptionally, the Age may be Extravagant enough; But d'you think it impoſſible for the Town to afford Men of Conduct and good Management?

Woodc. Not impoſſible, I grant you; but you may as well look for Cleanlineſs in *Scotland*, Mony in *France*, or Wit and Manners at *Amſterdam*, as Sobriety in *London*— To be plain, You are People of Principles, you have neither Religion, nor common Morality; and I deſire, Mr. *Reynard*, you'll deſiſt your Pretenſions: In ſhort, I have engag'd a Perſon, fitter for my Daughter's Purpoſe, and more agreeable to my Temper.

Rey. What, The *Romney-Marſh* Gentleman, *Humphry Hobble* Eſq; Ha, ha, ha.

Wood. (*Aſide.*) How the Devil came he to know him?

Rey. Mr. *Woodcock*, to convince you; You have a wrong Notion of us bred in Town, I'le be Frank—— Your Daugh-

ter, and I, are agreed; She receiv'd the Countryman only to Humour you, and told me all that pass'd between 'em, how he Loll'd in his Chair like a drunken Justice, Entertain'd her with a wretched Old Song, and Grunted out his Love after that Booriſh manner, ſhe fancy'd her ſelf in a Hogſty—— Since you ſee, Mr. *Woodcock*, I won't abuſe you, allow me Generous, and Ratifie our Affections.

Woodc. (*Aſide.*) The Curſe of Maidenheads light upon the whole Sex—— Mr. *Reynard*, I muſt confeſs, you are a very generous Perſon, and to return your Generoſity, I will this moment Marry my Daughter to the Countryman—— I ſhall ſpoil her Fop Intreague; that Women ſhou'd be ſuch Fools to fall in Love with Perriwigs, and Lac'd Coats; but 'twill be ſo, let a Man ſhow but a fair outſide, they don't care if he has no more Brains than a Grand Jury. [*Exit.*

Rey. Ha, ha, ha, Now for my Country Face agen.

Enter Loveworth.

Ned Loveworth ſauntring about like an Idle Courtier, or a poor Poet in ſearch of a Dinner.

Lov. 'Tis true, *Frank*, I have no Heireſſes to follow, nor croſs Miſers to attack; but I have a Miſtreſs too, and a very whimſical one; for tho' ſhe admits me to Squire her about, ſhe won't ſuffer me to mention Love.

Rey. She'll Conſent the ſooner; Women ſeldom care to talk of Love, 'till they reſolve upon the Action, becauſe they hate to be Tantaliz'd.

Lov. Well, my Dear Friend, and how go Matters?

Rey. Swimingly, ſwimingly, *Ned*; I aſſum'd all the Clownishneſs imaginable; No true Peaſant, bred amongſt Cattle in the *Wild o' Kent*, or the *Peake* in *Derbyſhire*, cou'd have had a more Ruſtical Air.

Lov. Thou wer't always a good Mimick *Frank:* But can'ſt thou really lay aſide all Conſcience, and Honeſty, and have the face to Marry this Lady, and Bubble the Yeoman out of ſuch a prodigious Eſtate? *Rey.* Con-

Rey. Conſcience, and Honeſty, ha ha ha, thou ſhou'dſt ha' been born ſeven Ages ago, thoſe things are obliterated now-a-days, and for the Face o'the matter, a Man of Intreague muſt have a Face for every thing, the Women indeed, are eaſily ſubdu'd, Coquet Ladies like *Hillaria*, you win with Mimicry and Scandal; an Old Maid that's miſerably pitted with the Small-pox, you muſt praiſe her Youth, and Beauty; to a young Creature you muſt talk Modeſtly, to a Widow, Mathematically, but to ſurprize Old Fathers that inſpectour Deſigns, requires a Maſterpiece of Nature— To deceive a Country Yeoman, I'm a Clown you ſee—— To pleaſe a rich Sergeant, I cou'd be a ſpruce Barriſter, come to the Court powder'd beyond a Side-Box Beau, give a Hem, and cry, May it pleaſe you my Lard, and you Gentlemen of the Jury—— Nay, to Curry with a Superſtitious Old Uncle, I cou'd put on a preciſe, Conventicle-Face, and look as mortify'd as your Sneaking Citizens do of late, ſince the Downfal of the Whig-Party. In ſhort, *Ned*, If you wou'd riſe in the World, you muſt have a Face for ev'ry thing—— Why the Women give us that Example, who, they ſay, are arriv'd to that Perfection in Waſhes, Paſtes, and Powders, they'll alter their Looks ſo, you ſhan't know 'em; And I heard of a fine Town-Lady, who Painted her Face with that variety, ſhe was pick'd up by a Purblind Lord, Six Nights together for a freſh Miſtreſs— But, Dear *Ned*, excuſe me, thou know'ſt the Exigence of my Affairs, a Moment's trifling might be fatal.

Lov. Succeſs attend you, Sir. [Exeunt *differently*.

Enter Woodcock *and* Belinda.

Woodc. Belinda, I muſt talk with you—— (*Aſide.*) But why ſhou'd I examine her? She'll tell me a hundred Lies with as Grave a Face as a *Presbyterian* Divine, when he preaches up Conſcience, and ſlides a ſilver Spoon into his Pocket——'Tis impoſſible to know that Sex, they'll melt us with their Tears, and

and in the same Breath laugh at our Easiness; At Church, they'll be very Devout with one Eye, and Ogle a Fellow with t'other; and they have more Tricks, Querks, and Evasions to avoid Speaking Truth, than an Attorney has in drawing an Answer in *Chancery*—— *Belinda*, What think you of the new Gallant I brought you?

Bel. If my Approbation, Sir, wou'd not Create in you an Aversion to him, I cou'd tell you, I like him, like him infinitely, beyond any Man in particular, and the whole Sex in general.

Woodc. (*Aside.*) If she be real, this pleases me indeed; this is News beyond an Express from *Italy*—— 'Tis my Request then, that you Marry him instantly.

Bel. Most willingly: The Moment that I saw him, a sudden chilness seiz'd me ev'ry where; that chilness as suddenly chang'd into a pleasing Warmth; the Warmth e're since keeps settl'd at my Heart, and my Thoughts fix'd on him.

Woodc. (*Aside.*) This is Love; but her Youth's unacquainted with these Symptoms, I have felt 'em formerly my self—— This Hour then he shall be yours—— *(Aside.)* But shou'd'nt I first satisfy my self with the Reality of this Estate he pretends to have —— It must be so, he lives too far from *London* to be a Cheat---- Now, what an impudent Rogue is this *Reynard*, to pretend a Contract with my Daughter, when she all the while Dies for Squire *Hobble*---- But then, how shou'd *Reynard* know what pass'd between the Countryman, and her, unless the Devil helpt him to't; like enough, truly, I believe most o'your Town-Sparks are very intimate with Alderman *Belzibub*---- Come, *Belinda*,--- (*Aside*). Still I suspect a Trick, but if she Marries him, there can be none; if she can Cheat the Priest, she'll Cheat the Devil. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Squib.

Squ. Pox of his Courage, I say; I shall be kick'd about by ev'ry *Chocolate*-House Beau, now they know I won't Fight; How

How ſhall I be Reveng'd? Shall I venture to Challenge him--- No, --- What ſhall I do then? Oh! I ſhall meet him in the publick Dancing-Room, and I'le Sit above him.—— But now, How can I appear before my Miſtreſs? 'Tis no matter; There's *Penelope* with a better Fortune; and I cou'd like her were ſhe not ſo forward; People naturally Slight thoſe that are in Love with 'em, tho' ſhou'd I have an Averſion to all the Women that are in Love with me, I might deſpiſe the whole Sex; therefore I will Marry her.

Enter Mrs. Goodfellow, *and* Penelope.

Mrs. *Goodf.* Sweet Captain, we have ſought for you vehemently; we wanted your Company with us to *Southborough.*

Squ. I have likewiſe, my fair *Penelope*, been upon the Chaſe for you, to inform you ſome Ladies here have a violent deſign upon my Perſon; and if you don't encloſe me preſently, I ſhall be raviſh'd from your Arms.

Pen. Loſe my dear Captain, Aunt, Aunt, run for Doctor *Dromedary*, and let us be Married before the Sun repoſes.

[*Exit* Goodf.

Squ. Now, Madam, we muſt make a mighty Appearance, and have a ſtately Bridal Equipage; all new Marry'd People of any Figure, keep a Coach the firſt year.

Pen. We muſt go a Viſiting together, and to *Hyde-Park* together, and be extreamly Fond for a Month: Then, Captain, My Aunt, and I muſt go to the *Artillery-Ground* o' Training Days, that the Soldiers may let off their Muskets, and cry, Heav'n Bleſs the Noble Captain's Lady; and ſure nothing is ſo pleaſant as to frequent Places where one's Husband has an Authority, that one may be very rude, and Affront Folks—— But, Dear Captain, Let's make haſte; for ſhou'd you be Raviſh'd from me now, I wou'd be more concern'd, than if I were Raviſh'd my ſelf. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Loveworth *and* Hillaria.

Hill. Sure no Courtier was ever worſe Plagu'd with a Petitioning Poet, than I am with you.

Lov. Sure no Poet was ever more coldly receiv'd by a ſtately Courtier, than I am by you; But to prove my Conſtancy, Madam, Be as Cruel as you pleaſe, I'le never leave you, I'me reſolv'd to follow you, Court you, and Addreſs you, 'till you yield.

Hill. And while you continue to follow me, Court me, and Addreſs me, I will never yield.

Lov. Why?

Hill. Becauſe we Women love dearly to be follow'd, Courted, and Addreſs'd; I muſt own, Mr. *Loveworth*, we do Cully your Sex ev'ry way; While you Court us, we make Spaniels of you; and when we have a Mind to render you more Contemptible, we make Husbands of you; and really you Lovers are meer Spaniels; for the worſe you are us'd, the more you Fawn.

Lov. You know, Madam, You have Pow'r, and are reſolv'd to Triumph.

Hill. We know you are Fools, and are reſolv'd to Laugh at you; but no more of this Chat, here's Company.

Enter Woodcock *Singing.*

Wood. Sing Old Sir Simon the King tol tol, &c.

Lov. I'me glad to ſee you ſo merry, Mr. *Woodcock*, ſhan't we rejoice with you too?

Woodc. With all my Heart, Mr. *Loveworth*, I have juſt Marry'd my Daughter, and am reſolv'd to Dedicate a whole Twelvemonth to Mirth, and Jollitry, I'le breach my ſix Hogſheads of Stout, that were Brew'd in the Days of King *Charles*, and make the whole Country as Drunk, as at an Election of Burgeſſes.

Hill. Shan't we ſee your Son-in-Law, Sir? *Woodc.* Pre-

Wood. Presently, Madam, I left 'em but in the next Room to bill and coo a little--ha ha ha, what wou'd I give now Mr. *Reynard* were but here, to Laugh at him a little, and let him see our Ale in the Country has inspir'd us with more Cunning, than all his Burgundy in Town.

Lov. Oh! Here they come.

Reynard, *and* Belinda, *Enter, and Kneel to* Woodcock.

Rey. Your Blessing Sir?

Woodc. Mr. *Reynard*!

Rey. The very same, Son-in-Law to you, and Partner to this Lady, by your own Choice and Approbation.

Woodc. Here's a Son of a Copper-Smith——But, Daughter, *Belinda*, what means this Stuff, did not I give you to the Countryman, and did not the Priest join your Hands, call in Doctor *Dromedary*?

Bel. You did, Sir, Commanded by you, and prompted by my own Inclination, with a double Joy I receiv'd him for my Husband.

Rey. To humour you, Sir, I was that Countryman, and to please this Lady am now Mr. *Reynard* agen.

Woodc. Why then Mr. *Reynard* is the Devil incarnate.

Lov. I find, Mr. *Woodcock* your Country Ale has clouded your understanding a little.

Woodc. (*Aside*) Hell and Furies, how have I been abus'd, impos'd on by a vain fluttering Fellow, and Jilted by my own Daughter——D'sdeath, I shall be a Jest to the whole Country. Mr, *Reynard*, I own you have been too hard for me, your Wit has gain'd her, now let your Wit maintain her, my Estate deserves a better Usage.

Hill. Nay now, Mr. *Woodcock*, I must interpose.

Woodc. You, I have a mighty respect indeed for your Sex.

Hill. I fancy, Sir, you never spent much time in *France*—(*Aside*) A true *English Clown.*

Lov. But, Mr. *Woodcock*, your Experience shou'd consider these frailties, she still respects you as her Father, but neither Duty, Friendship, nor Interest can prevail, against the Force of Love.

Woodc. No, I have a Sense of Money, and cannot bear to see it us'd like Dirt; before my Estate shall be spent in glaring Liveries, and feed an Empty Pride, I'le fit out a Regiment to help carry on the War, and Nobly spend it in my Country's Service; this moment I discard her; since Blind Love chang'd her State, Blind Chance direct her Course—But who am I thus Using? My Daughter? Who then must Share my Wealth? If I reject my Child, my only Child—Nature, Nature, why d' you rack me thus.

Bell. We'll settle in the Country, Sir, Dispose us as you please, pardon but this Offence and own us yours. [*Weeps.*

Woodc. How easily Tears flow from Womens Eyes; after a Voluntary Disobedience, they Calm our Passion with a feign'd Repentance; Her Sorrow moves me tho' I know 'tis false, Can I dissolve this Marriage? No, Mr. *Reynard*, take her; as you use her, you may hope my Favour. My Personal Estate shall descend to her, my Real Estate I'le Settle on your Eldest Son, whom I expect to breed under my own Eye, and according to my own humour——'tis very hard, if you deny me that——On those Conditions, Heav'n bless you both.

Rey. I have various reasons, Sir, to value your Esteem, and endeavour to oblige you, My Interest, my Love to this Lady, and chiefly to persuade you from a prejudice against Men of Education——To gain a Mistress, we're allow'd deceit, in all things else you shall find me a Man of Honour.

Lov. Now, Madam, we may Congratulate your Happiness.

Hill. (*Aside to* Bel.) You, see *Belinda*, my Words are verify'd, 'tis observ'd, Fathers Love us better than we do them, these Eruptions will occasion some Conflict, but 'tis soon over, except it be some very cross old Fellows, who when they're disoblig'd

diſoblig'd, won't part with their Money, but they Die the ſooner, and one has it then——Mr. *Woodcock*, this Action has won my Favour ſtrangely; I muſt extol your Goodneſs; nay, I ſhall ſpeak well of you behind your Back, (*Aſide*) and that's what I never did of any body yet.

[*Muſick without.*

Rey. Bleſs us, what mighty Proceſſion have we here, that all the Muſick in the Place is muſter'd up?

The Muſicians enter Playing, Squib *and* Penelope, *affectedly humouring Time*, *Mrs.* Goodfellow *following.*

Parturiunt Montes naſcetur ridiculus Mus.

Squ. Gentlemen, and Ladies, my Dear, and I come to acquaint you with our Nuptials.

Hill. Penelope, and the Captain Marry'd!

Pen. Why really, Madam, my Dear, and I found our ſelves ſo very fit for one another, Nature woudn't let us be any longer aſunder.

Squ. Sure no Pair were ever ſo well match'd as my Dear and I. [*Kiſſing.*

Pen. Sure no Pair were ever ſo fond as my Dear, and I.

Hill. (*Aſide*) Sure no Pair were ever ſo affected as my Dear and I, is there any thing ſo fulſome as a new Marry'd Couple, that play the Fool, and kiſs before Company?

Rey. (*Aſide*) I ſhall marr their Joy preſently—— But here comes ſoft Mr. *Maiden*. mortifi'd to the laſt degree: for after all his Muſick, Painting, and other fine accompliſhments, he's diſcover'd to have no Eſtate.

All. No Eſtate, ha, ha, ha.

Rey. ſome Gentlemen it ſeems, pleas'd with his Vanity, buz'd a plauſible Story in his Ears, and brought him down hither to make him ridiculous

Hill. Poor Mr. *Maiden*! But 'tis many a Beau's Caſe, to build a mighty Appearance on a very ſlender Foundation. The Greateſt Beaus we have about Town, now are Milliners, Mercers Lawyers Clerks, and 'tis ſuch upſtart Fellows that ruine ſo many poor Tradeſmen; for amongſt 'em all you'll ſcarce find a Periwig that's paid for.

Enter Maiden.

Maid. What a Pox, muſt *I* go to the *Change* agen, and ſell Gloves and Ribbons?

Squib. No Eſtate, O Lord, *Maiden*, what will become of your Airs now?

Bel. What Pity 'tis, the fine Mr. *Maiden*, who does ev'ry thing ſo much like Quality, ſhou'd be forc'd to turn Mechanick.

Wood. What will your Patchwork, and your Fillagree ſignify now, Friend without an Eſtate to keep your Follies in Countenance?

Hil. Come, come, Mr. *Maiden*, ne're be concern'd, Riches are only to ſupply other Defects; your Graces may command a Lady with an Eſtate at any time.

Maid. Nay, whenever I marry, I don't doubt of a good Fortune yet; when I was at the *Change* before, People us'd to call me handſome Mr. *Maiden*. I have a Brother too, ſo like me, no Body can diſtinguiſh us, and we us'd to cheat Folks, and lay it upon one another.

Rey. But the Captain here is more to be pitied, who inſtead of marrying into a great Family, and with a great Fortune, has made an Alliance with Mrs. *Lime-Juice*, that keeps a Punch Houſe in *Long Acre*, and her Neice *Jenny Trapes*, who being known by ev'ry Body in Town, thought to paſs at *Tunbridge* for a Chaſt *Penelope*.

Squib. Jenny Trapes—What that Carrotpated Jade that Lodges at the Corner of *White Horſe Alley*.

Rey. The

Rey. The ſame indeed, only ſhe has black'd her Hair with a Leaden Comb.

Squib. The Devil black her all over.

All. Ha, ha, ha, Give you Joy Captain.

Hill. Nay, really, I always took her for ſome ſuch Creature, ſhe has made no ſhow ſince ſhe came, but always trapiſh and dirty, like an Actreſs at a Morning Rehearſal.

Maid. Marry'd her! O Lard, Captain, what will become of your Airs now?

Squib. Sir——(*aſide.*) I have ſtudy'd Intreaguing to a fine Purpoſe, to be trick'd at laſt, by an old Brandy-bottle.

Rey. Nay, they have cheated one another, for the Captain, whom I had a particular Reaſon to enquire after, inſtead of being a worthy Officer, and a Man of Subſtance, is found to be one of the Handicraft Gentlemen that ſit croſs'd Legg'd ſix Stories high, ſpoil a World of good Cloth, by putting it into an ill Shape, and ſtuff up long Bills with Canvas, Buckram, and Stay-tape.

All. A Taylor, Ha, ha, ha.

Rey. We always fancy'd he had a ſhambling Air, but Yeſterday as he drew out his Handkercheif, he happen'd to drop a Meaſure upon the Walks, and diſcover'd all.

Wood. What a Misfortune 'tis ſo renown'd a Warriour ſhou'd dwindle into a Louſe Cracker.

Hill. I'm ſorry Captain, I cou'd'nt receive you for a Husband, a Taylor's Wife you know wou'd ſound but odly at *Tunbridge*, but I'll be ſure to ſend for you, when I have occaſion for a new Jump.

Maid. A Taylor, nay, now I will banter him—— Captain, pray how many Yards o'Cloth muſt you have to make my Monkey a pair of Breeches?

Squib. 'Dsblood, Sir.

Maid. (*Starts.*) Now the Duce take me if I an't afraid of him ſtill, tho' I know he's but the Ninth part of a Man.

Rey. Well

Rey. Well, Captain, you may keep your Title for all this; Taylors, Shomakers, and Barbers may ſerve for Militia Officers, ſince you only fight Mock-battles, and repreſent what a Captain ſhou'd be.

Squib. Look you, Sir, 'tis natural for us that dwell in a Garret to be a little high minded, therefore I came down to *Tunbridge*, in hopes to make my Fortune, but ſince I find my Expectations fruſtrated, I candidly take my leave, and Gentlemen, and Ladies, when you come to Town, if you'l favour me with a Viſit at the Doublet in *Barbakin*, 'twill be gratefully acknowledg'd by your very humble Servant *Ezekiel Cowcumber.* [*Exit.*

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Wood. Come, good People, ſome Neighbours of mine ſhall divert you on this Occaſion, tho' I deſign'd it an Entertainment ſuitable to a Rural Marriage.

Hill. (*To* Goodf. *and* Pen.) Ladies, Virtuous Ladies, you'll not deprive us of your Company, Ladies.

Goodf. I ne're was out of Countenance 'till now, I'll Ship off all I have, and run to *Ireland.*

Pen. I'll go hang my ſelf in *White Horſe Alley.* [Exeunt.

An Entertainment.

Lov. Well, Madam, now you ſee other People coupl'd, what ſay you to a Dance?

Hil. Marriage, Mr. *Loveworth*, is too ſolemn a Dance, I'm for a Friſk a Minuet or ſo, but I hate the Brawls, tho' really 'tis like a Feaſt, and to ſee People eat heartily wou'd make one fall to, tho' one had no Stomach——(*Aſide.*) Now I find he's deſperately in Love, I'll give my ſelf an Air of Generoſity——but Mr. *Loveworth*, ſince we come to talk ſeriouſly o'the matter, I muſt deal ingenuouſly with you, the Report you have of my Fortune is utterly Falſe—My Parents

Parents were mighty well-bred People, and what they ſhou'd have laid up for my Portion, they ſpent in my Education; I have a great deal of good Humour, and all that, but no Money; I'le tell you one thing, I am a Maid, but don't Expoſe me; therefore if you can like a Woman with only the Cloaths to her Back, and a Dozen good Smocks or ſo, I muſt own a very great Affection for your Eſtate.

Lov. Hang Fortune, Madam, Your Wit and Beauty may Command the World, I'de Marry you tho' you had'nt ſo much as Fig-Leaves.

Hill. That's very kind; Take me then, and ſince I bring you nothing, I'le manage your Eſtate ſo prudently, I'le ſave you a Fortune, and in Twenty Years time you ſhall know no difference—— Now did I depend upon Rambling about, Chaſtity, and Clean-Linnen, and thought not of being that Sluttiſh thing a Wife theſe Seven Years, but, ——ugh, Theſe Men, when they get an Aſcendant over us, they turn and wind us juſt as they pleaſe.

Rey. Siſter, I approve your Choice, and wiſh you much Satisfaction.

Lov. Hillaria, his Siſter.

Rey. My own Dear Siſter; We were both caſt in the ſame Mould.

Bel. Hillaria!

Hill. Belinda!

Rey. There is an Eſtate too belonging to our Family under ſome Incumbrances, which a little of Mr. *Woodcock*'s Aſſiſtance might Diſcharge, and raiſe a genteel Fortune for my Siſter.

Woodc, Not a Souſe, Mr. *Reynard*, 'till you have ſhown your Skill, produce me a Grandſon, and you bind me yours.

Hill. (*Aſide*, to *Rey.*) You muſt reſt contented, Brother, and reſolve to Study his Temper: 'Tis not for the weak-

to-

to oppoſe the ſtrong: We naturally Flatter and Diſſemble for our Intereſt; therefore Coaks him all you can, and when you have Wheedl'd him out of one half of his Eſtate, go to Law with him for the reſt.

Rey. (To *Woodc.*) You need not doubt my Performance, Sir.

Beauty it ſelf ſufficiently prevails,
And Gold excites us oft, when Beauty fails,
But, with a double force, our Skill we prove,
When two ſuch Charms unite to prompt our Love.

F I N I S.

R.P.L. Bindery,
APR 1 8 194